

January

* FEATURING
DICK COLE * EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT



10c

VOL. 4 NO. 6

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Well, with this issue we are at the half way mark in our story 1 FLY FOR VENGEANCE. Do you like it? Do you want more stories like it? The editors think it is pretty swell and darned exciting, but we want to know what YOU think. I guess most of you know that stories for the books have to be planned far in advance, and, believe it or not, at this point we are working on the May issue, so if you want more stories like Lt. Commander Dickinson's, get on the ball and let us hear about it.

There are loads of letters below and one dollar's worth of War Savings Stamps are in the mail right now for the writers. Hope you're all buying those stamps with every spare penny you can get your hands on as Uncle Sam needs your help. So long until next month, Gang. Hope we'll have buckets of letters to publish.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

Dear Editors:

BLUE BOLT COMICS is the best yet. When I read "Ye Editor's Page," most people have criticisms. Well, I see no need for complaint. Who could ask for better stories than Dick Cole, Blue Bolt, Sergeant Spook, Edison Bell and others. And, in my opinion, you have the finest staff of writers of any of the other comic magazines.

I help the war effort by being a block messenger and carrying peoples' groceries, thus saving on transportation. I buy war stamps through the school I attend and our neighborhood grocer. So, if I am fortunate enough to win a dollar, please donate it to the U.S.O. It's a great organization!

Always yours,
Dennis O'Donnell
Chicago, Illinois

We're sending you the dollar, Dennis, so you can donate it to the U.S.O. yourself.

Dear Editors:

I haven't any favorite story in BLUE BOLT because they are all equally good. There is one suggestion I would like to make. A lot of the girls like comics—but you'll find most girls will like "Fearless Fellers" because there is a girl in the picture. I think you should take out "Old Cap Hawkins" because, personally, I don't think he is very interesting. But if you put something in like Dixie Dugan, Myra North, or Mary Worth's Family, I'm sure you'll have a great deal more girl readers of BLUE BOLT. Don't forget, don't put anything in like a super-human person, just a plain, everyday American girl. I think most American boys and girls don't like a pretense—they like to face the facts. It looks like Blue Bolt and all the rest of the super-human comic people are being

tossed-out, because we American boys and girls like someone honest, real, and above all, a regular sport.

I think the writer of "Fearless Fellers" can draw very well, because there isn't anything that I hate worse than an artist who draws like he's in a hurry. "Dick Cole" is very well drawn also, except the artist sometimes forgets himself and rushes a little, making his drawings seem sort of rushed.

Respectfully yours,
Jeanne McDonald
Roseville, Michigan

We think you've got the right slant on American boys and girls, Jeanne.

Dear Editors:

Of the eight parts in the BLUE BOLT magazine, I like KRISKO and JASPER best. I'm studying to be a cartoonist myself, and some day I'd like to draw a strip as interesting as the one that Jack Warren does.

FEARLESS FELLERS is pretty good, BLUE BOLT is fair, EDISON BELL would be a lot more interesting if the plot of the story was better, but the drawing is really good, I think.

I believe in what Corleen Moore says—get some natural, everyday character that has strange and fantastic adventures into BLUE BOLT COMICS, and I think that BLUE BOLT COMICS would be far more interesting than it already is.

I don't think that DICK COLE is as interesting as it used to be, although, I've read some mighty good DICK COLE stories; the stories were best when SIMBA was fighting Dick. SERGEANT SPOOK is good, a lot better than it used to be. OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES are real interesting. Keep them up.

I'm always on the alert for the next issue of BLUE BOLT COMICS. Here's hoping that it holds its reputation as a good comic magazine.

A faithful reader,
Philip N. Gowen
Knobel, Arkansas

There's some good digestible criticism up there to sink your teeth in, Readers.

Dear Editors:
In your book, BLUE BOLT, I like "Dick Cole" and "Sergeant Spook." BLUE BOLT is tops with me. I agree with Bob DiOferia about "Fearless Fellers" chance to be on the cover. I think that "Old Cap Hawkins' True Tales" should have more pages.

I wish to join the Marines when I'm 17. I buy War Stamps steadily.

Yours truly,
Del Chappell
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Well, Dell, you and Bob ought to be pleased with this cover. Ye Editor heard your plea.

Dear Editors:

While I was reading the "Ye Editor's Page," I saw James Calabrese's BLUE BOLT CLUB. I thought I would write.

I am a President of a victory club, and now president of the BLUE BOLT CLUB. We have been buying a dollar's worth of War Stamps, and a dollar's worth of War Stamps in the BLUE BOLT CLUB. My favorite story is KRISKO and JASPER.

We will keep them flying.

Donald Allen
Poplar Bluff, Missouri

Well, here at long last is a plug for KRISKO and JASPER. Perhaps we shouldn't "ditch" them after all.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

DICK COLE



INNOCENT 40

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ARE OVER AND THE WINTER TERM AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE.

DICK AND SIMBA, WHO SPENT THEIR VACATION IN THE CITY AS GUESTS OF MAJOR FARR, ARE RETURNING TO SCHOOL ON AN EXPRESS. ON THE SAME TRAIN ARE THE MAJOR AND THE BOY SLIP'RY, EX PICK-POCKET WHO IS ENTERING THE SCHOOL. AS THE TRAIN ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT, WE FIND THE MAJOR TALKING WITH DICK AND SIMBA IN HIS STATE-ROOM —

HM-M-M. BUT WILL THE CHANGE BE LASTING? THE JUDGE WAS NOT VERY KEEN ON LETTING ME TAKE HIM. HE FELT THAT A BOY WITH HIS BAD RECORD SHOULD BE IN A REFORM SCHOOL. I HOPE I'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING!



SIR, THE LUCKIEST BREAK SLIP'RY EVER HAD WAS WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED IN YOUR APARTMENT.



YES, SIR! NOW HE'S FREE OF THAT MASTER CROOK, HE'LL BE OKAY.

WELL, YOU BOYS KEEP AN EYE ON HIM AT FARR. AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR TAPS - SO GOOD NIGHT, BOYS -



NEXT DAY AT FARR IN SLIPRY'S ROOM-

HERES YOUR UNIFORM,
SLIPRY. TRY IT ON.

COCK-EYED COD-
FISH! WON'T I
LOOK SNAZZY-
OR WILL I-HUH?



WELL, HOW'M
I DOIN' DICK?

SWELL! PERFECT FIT!
WELL, GIN'RAL LETS
ANKLE OVER AND SEE
WHAT'S ON THE BULLE-
TIN BOARD FOR NOW.

FARR



DICK AND SLIPRY HEAD FOR FARR HALL

THIS IS ALL NEW TO YOU, SON.
JUST TAKE IT EASY AND IF
YOU GET STUCK-COME TO
PAPPY.

THANKS-UH-
I FEEL GOOFY
IN THIS OUT-
FIT.



OH, HULLO COLE. HA! A NEW
GUY. BRACE, MISTER AND
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

HELLO,
BULLY.



HUH!? SAY
SIR! AND YOU
BRACE, HEAR
ME? BRACE!!

BRACE?
I DON'T
TUMBLE
TO WHAT-



TUMBLE TO THIS,
YOU DOPE!

HA-HA-HA!
HEY-
YOU!



YANK HIM OUT, TOADY. WELL
WASH THAT PAN OF HIS.

GUG-
GUB-



HO! THIS IS A HOT COOKIE TO HANOLE
WE'LL YANK HIS DUDS OFF! THAT'LL COOL
HIM DOWN!

HE-HE-HE! GREAT
IDEA, BULLY!

THIS IS GO-
ING TOO
FAR!

YOU'LL LOOK LOVE-
LIER FARTHER
FROM HERE,
BULLY—

SPLATE

QUIT IT!



TOADY, PULL
YOUR PAL OUT.
NEXT TIME I'LL
PLAY REAL ROUGH.
CMON, SLIPRY.

YEH-YE-
YESSIR!

OH, BOY!
WHAT A PAL! RIGHT
WITH YOU, DICK.

-SO, DONT LET IT GET YOU!
SLIPRY, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE
ORDERS AND DECENT HAZING
FROM THE OLD BOYS YOUR
FIRST YEAR, BUT BULLY'S NOT
AN OLD BOY AND HAS NO
RIGHT TO HAZE YOU. THAT'S
WHY I STEPPED IN. BUT YOU
HAVE TO LEARN TO TAKE IT"
AT FARR. SAY, BY THE WAY,
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ICE
HOCKEY?

WHY-
SURE!
USTER
PLAY IT
ON GRO-
GAN'S POND.

GOOO!
COME OUT
FOR THE TEAM TRY-
OUTS TOMORROW.

LET'S RETURN TO
BULLY AND TOADY—

DICK COLE CAN'T TREAT
ME LIKE THAT! MY OLD
MAN IS P.B. BRISKET! I'LL
GET EVEN—
YOU'LL SEE!

YOU BET!
I DON'T LIKE
COLE EITHER!



IN THE LOCKER ROOM NEXT DAY.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!
WE'LL FORM TWO TEAMS FOR OUR FIRST TRY-OUTS,
GREEN AND BLACK, AS LISTED ON THE BOARD.
GREEN CAPTAIN--COLE. BLACK
CAPTAIN--BRISKET. LET'S GO!



ON THE FACE OFF, DICK PASSES
THE PUCK TO SLIP'RY WHO—



SHOOTS A HOT ONE THROUGH
BULLY BRISKET, GOALIE FOR
THE BLACK TEAM.



DURING THE FIRST
PERIOD, DICK AND
SLIP'RY EACH RING
UP TWO MORE GOALS
THROUGH BULLY.
BULLY, CONCEITED
ABOUT HIS ABILITY,
IS ALMOST BESIDE
HIMSELF WITH
RAGE.
THE PERIOD ENDS
AND, AFTER A REST
OF TEN MINUTES,
THE TEAMS COME
BACK ON TO THE
ICE FOR THE SEC-
OND PERIOD.

SAY, DICK, BULLY'S
BETTER
WATCH
HIM. WE
MADE A MONKEY OUT
OF HIM AND HE CAN'T
TAKE IT!



SLIP'RY, COMING IN FAST FOR A CLOSE SHOT, SCORES,
BUT COLLIDES VIOLENTLY WITH ANOTHER PLAYER—



BULLY, ENRAGED AT ANOTHER
SCORE, SAVAGELY JABS THE FALL-
ING SLIP'RY.

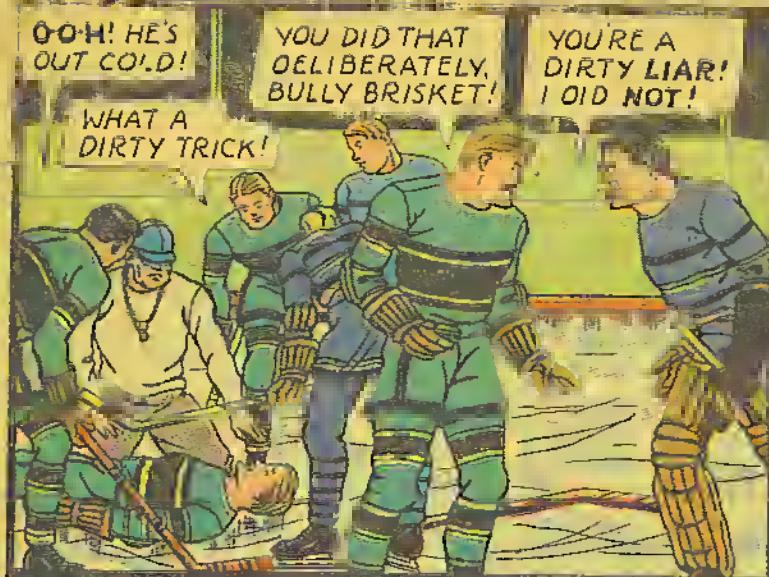


O-O-H! HE'S OUT COLD!

YOU DID THAT DELIBERATELY, BULLY BRISKET!

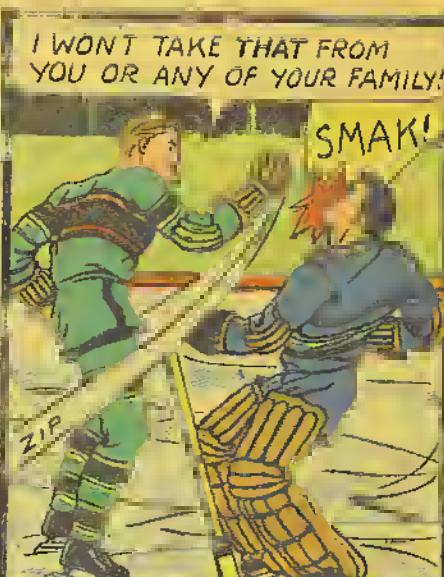
YOU'RE A DIRTY LIAR! I DID NOT!

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!



I WON'T TAKE THAT FROM YOU OR ANY OF YOUR FAMILY!

SMAK!



COLE! TO THE PENALTY BENCH! AND YOU, BRISKET—GO TO THE SHOWERS! ONE MORE DISPLAY OF ROTTEN SPORTSMANSHIP AND—YOU'RE THROUGH!

AW, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT—

YES SIR!



LATER, IN BULLY BRISKET'S ROOM—

TOADY, IF IT'S MY LAST ACT, I'M GOING TO GET COLE AND SLIP'RY! THEY'LL WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN! YOU KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, EARS OPEN—AND REPORT TO ME!

YOU BETCHA!



A MONTH PASSES--- DICK AND SLIP'RY HAVE MADE THE TEAM WHILE BULLY IS ONLY SUBSTITUTE GOALIE FOR SIMBA. THE FARR HOCKEY TEAM HAS WON ITS FIRST FOUR GAMES AND ALL IS WELL ON THE CAMPUS. UNTIL ONE DAY DICK IS SUMMONED TO MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE TO FIND THE MAJOR, GRAVE AND WORRIED, CONSULTING A LIST.

RICHARD—THIS IS AWFUL! IN TWO WEEKS THE NINE BOYS LISTED HERE HAVE REPORTED ONE HUNDRED NINE DOLLARS STOLEN FROM THEIR LOCKERS WHILE AT SPORTS. NEVER HAS THIS HAPPENED AT FARR BEFORE—BEFORE SLIP'RY CAME HERE! IT-IT

LOOKS BAO!



MAJOR! SLIP'RY WOULDN'T DO SUCH A THING—I KNOW IT!

I HOPE YOU

ARE RIGHT, BUT— HIS PAST! 'ONCE A THIEF— ALWAYS A THIEF,' THEY SAY. I'M TERRIBLY AFRAID—



SIR, I'M POSITIVE
SLIPRY IS NOT
THE THIEF. MAY
I HAVE PERMISSION
TO FIND OUT WHO IS?

YES, RICHARD,
YOU MAY AND I
HOPE YOUR
LOYALTY IS NOT
ILL FOUNDED.
AND NOW YOU
MAY GO. BE DIS-
CREET!



WHY, HELLO,
SLIP'Ry---
WHATS ON
YOUR MIND?

CAN I TALK
TO YOU GUYS
FOR A FEW
MINUTES?

WHAT'S
HOLDING
YOU?
COME
ON IN-



OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW KEEN
EARS ARE LISTENING.



HEY, BULLY! NEWS! SLIPRY USED TO
BE A THIEF! HE WAS GOIN' TO JAIL
BUT OLD FARR PERSUADED THE
JUDGE TO LET HIM COME TO FARR.

I HEARD IT ALL THROUGH
LOLE'S WINDOW!

HUH?



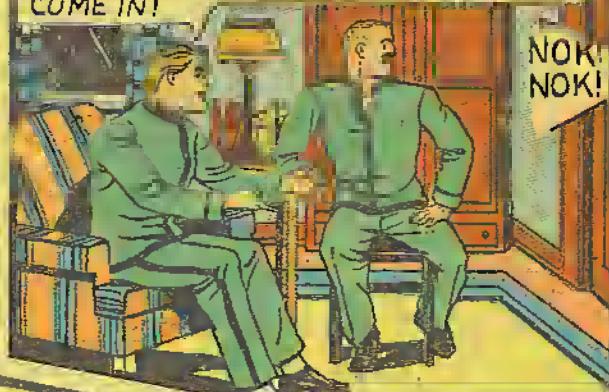
TWENTY
MINUTES
LATER

SO THAT'S THE STORY! OH, BOY!!
GIVE ME A PEN AND PAPER AND
THEN TELL ME AGAIN WHILE I
WRITE IT DOWN. HOT DOG! HERE'S
WHERE WE GO TO
TOWN!

PAPER
COMIN' UP-



THAT NIGHT AS DICK LAYS PLANS WITH
SIMBA—
—AND WE'LL HIDE THE CAM-
ERA INSIDE THE STORAGE LOCKER THAT
IS ACROSS FROM MY LOCKER. THE WIRE
WILL CLICK THE SHUTTER WHEN MY
LOCKER DOOR IS OPENED WIDE. THEN--
COME IN!



--AND—
SINCE YOU BOTH
MET ME THROUGH MY TRY-
ING TO ROB THE FARR
APARTMENT, I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D THINK I STOLE THE
MONEY. GEE! IT'S GREAT
TO KNOW YOU BELIEVE IN
ME! THANKS--AND GOOD
NIGHT.

AW--THAT'S
OKAY, OLD
BOY. GOOD
NIGHT-



WHILE TOADY AND BULLY ARE BUSY—

THAT SHOULD WORK,
SIMBA, NOW WHEN MY
LOCKER DOOR OPENS
WIDE, **CLICK!** AND
WE HAVE THE PROOF!

BE SURE YOU
DON'T FORGET
TOMORROW—
OPEN TOO FAR
AND TAKE A
PHOTO OF YOUR-
SELF!

NEXT AFTERNOON.

I GUESS IT'S OKAY TO
LEAVE TWENTY BUCKS
IN MY LOCKER, SIMBA?



I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, COLE. DON'T!... I
WAS ROBBED OF THIRTY DOLLARS LAST
WEEK AND THE THIEF IS IN THIS ROOM—
NOW! HIS NAME IS—

SLIP-



GOSH! HE'S OUT
LIKE A LIGHT!

SAY, WHAT'S
EATIN' COLE?

CARRY HIM TO
THE INFIRMARY

SORRY, FELLOWS BUT NO ONE CAN
ACCUSE A FARR MAN WITHOUT
OFFERING PROOF-FIRST. IF HE

HAS PROOF, HE SHOULD
REPORT TO MAJOR
FARR - NOT TO US—
WELL, LETS GET
TO PRACTICE.



AFTER EVENING STUDY HOUR DICK AND SIMBA BRING THE PLANTED CAMERA TO THEIR ROOM.

I'LL DEVELOP - AND PRINT IT RIGHT AWAY, DICK.

OKAY, I'LL WATCH THE DOOR SO WE WON'T BE DISTURBED.



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.

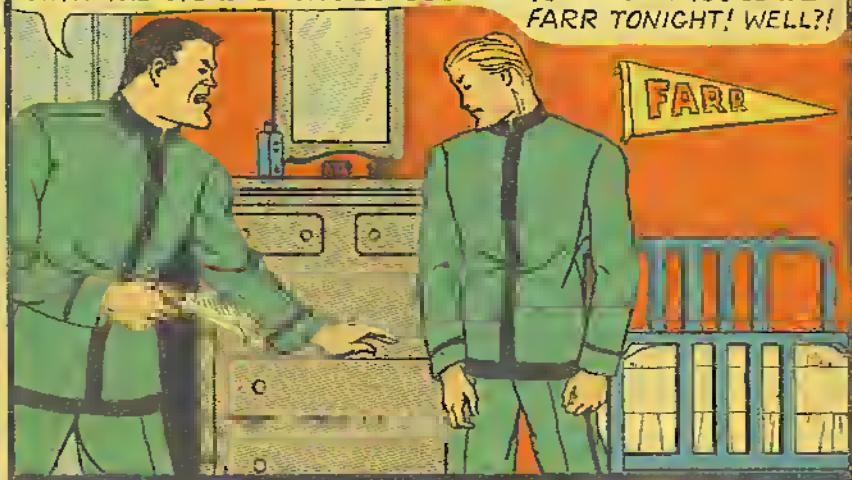
SIMBA! I JUST SAW BULLY BRISKET GO INTO SLIP'RY'S ROOM. I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S COOKING!



I HATE TO SNOOP BUT, I HAVE A BIG HUNCH I'D BETTER!



- NOW MISTER SLIP'RY YOUR RECORD AS A THIEF, YOUR ARREST, YOUR PROBATION AND FRIENDSHIP WITH COLE IS ALL WRITTEN DOWN HERE. AND IT GOES TO THE NEWSPAPERS TOGETHER WITH THE STORY OF THE SCHOOL THEFTS - UNLESS YOU LEAVE FARR TONIGHT! WELL!?



YOU'RE LOWER THAN A BED BUG BUT - OKAY - I'M LICKED. ALL THAT IN THE PAPERS WOULD BE VERY BAD FOR FARR - AND FOR DICK. YOU WIN. I'LL BE

GONE FROM HERE BEFORE MORNING.

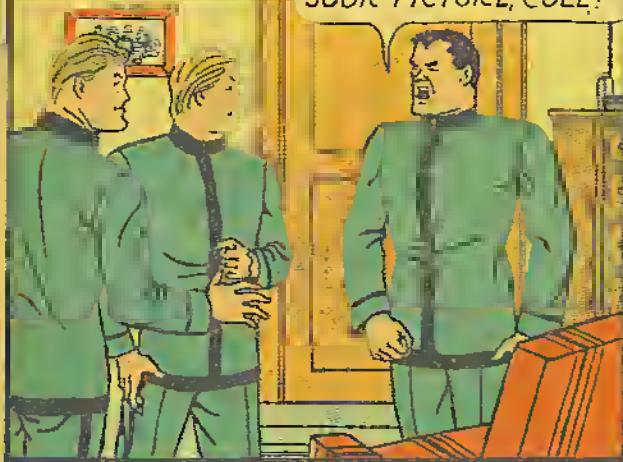


JUST A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS BULLY! WHAT'S SLIP'RY EVER DONE TO YOU? AW, C'MON, FORGET IT! LET'S SHAKE ALL AROUND AND BE FRIENDS!

GULP!
WH-WHERE
DID YOU
COME FROM!



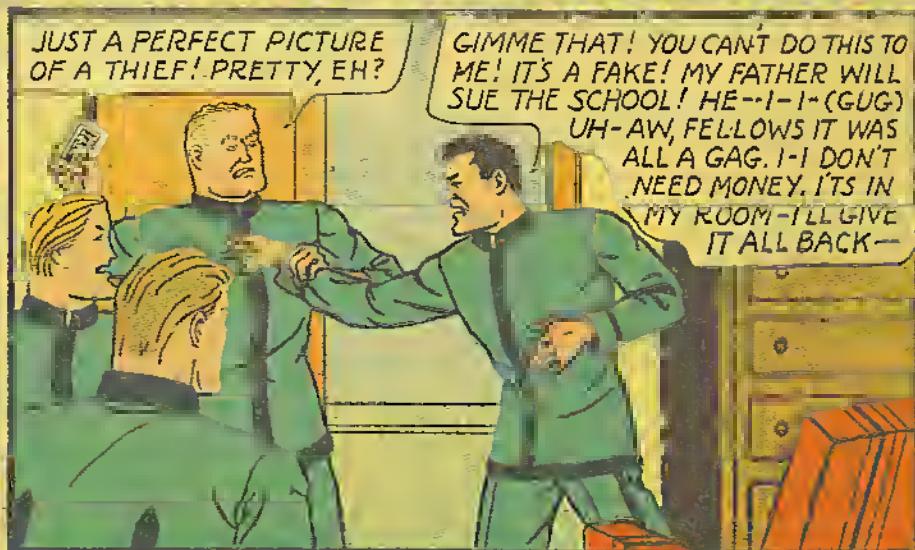
P.B. BRISKET'S SON SHAKE HANDS WITH SUCH AS YOU TWO? NEVER! YOUR GUTTER PAL LEAVES-OR ELSE! AND YOU'RE THE NEXT SOUR PICTURE, COLE!



SPEAKING OF PICTURES, HERE'S A BEAUT! TAKE A LOOK MISTER HIGH-N-MIGHTY!

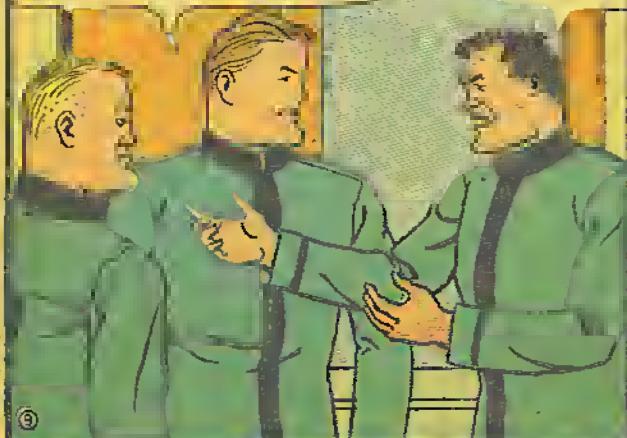


JUST A PERFECT PICTURE OF A THIEF! PRETTY, EH?



FINE! WE'LL GET IT RIGHT NOW AND THEN-YOU, NOT SLIP'RY, WILL LEAVE! THERE'S A 10:12 TRAIN. YOU HAVE FORTY MINUTES!

B-BUT MY FATHER?
THE -THE DIS-
GRACE??



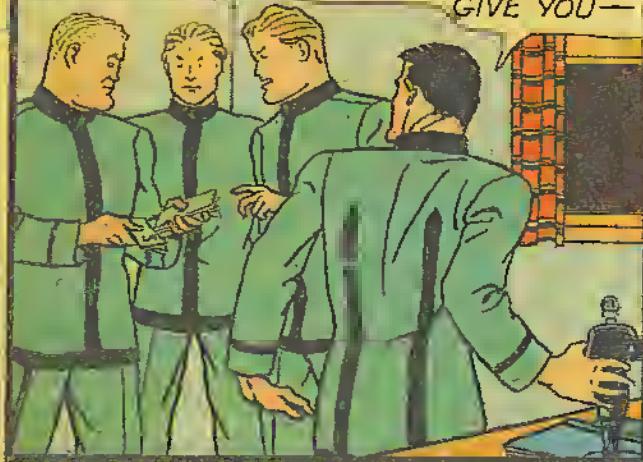
YOU ARE RETURNING THE MONEY--THAT'S WHY I'M LETTING YOU GO INSTEAD OF HAVING YOU ARRESTED. NOW-TO YOUR ROOM--MARCH!



IN BULLY'S ROOM.

COUNT IT
SIMBA.

AW, IT'S ALL THERE. I
WANT TO THANK YOU
COLE FOR BEING SO
CONSIDERATE - AND -
GIVE YOU -



THIS!

CRACK!
OUCH!



SIMBA, SEE THAT THAT TERMITE MAKES
THE 10:12 TRAIN. RIG ME A SLING SLIP'RY
I THINK MY ARMS BROKEN. THANKS.



GOSH,
DICK! HOW CAN
I EVER THANK
YOU?

EASY,
SLIP'RY!

YOU JUST STICK TO
THE FARR WAY OF GOOD
SPORTSMANSHIP - HON-
OR AND DECENCY!



IN MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE.

CADET COLE
REPORTS SIR.
HERE'S THE
MONEY AND
PROOF OF
THE THIEF -
AND SLIP'RY
IS INNOCENT!

FINE! FINE!
WE SHALL
RETURN
THE MONEY
AND ATTEND
TO THE THIEF
IMMEDIATELY
BUT YOUR
ARM?



MY
ARM? JUST A
TAP, SIR. MAY I ASK THAT
NO FURTHER STEPS BE
TAKEN CONCERNING THE
THIEF? AH - THE 10:12 TRAIN.
FARR ACADEMY HAS JUST
LOST A STUDENT -
SIR!



ARE YOU BUYING THOSE
WAR STAMPS EVERY
WEEK? LICK THE AXIS!

FLY FOR Vengeance

PART
THREE

Based on the factual story
by Lt. Com. Clarence E. Dickinson,
in collaboration with Boyden Sparkes

IN FEBRUARY, 1942,
AMERICAN CARRIER
PILOTS AVENGE THE
GALLANT DEFENDERS
OF WAKE ISLAND. AND
IN MARCH THEY CARRY
THE FIGHT TO THE
JAPS' OWN BASE ON
MARCUS ISLAND.

HERE IS THE TRUE
STORY OF LT. DICKIN-
SON'S SCOUTING SQUAD-
RON 6-- FIRST TO FEEL
THE BLOWS OF THE
DECEITFUL JAPS, AND
FIRST TO STRIKE BACK-

✓

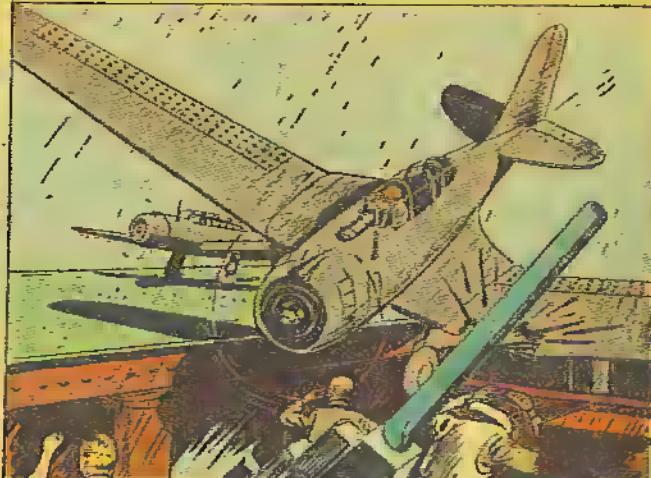


T. GIL

5 QUALLS OF RAIN MAKE TAKING-OFF HAZARDOUS, BUT THE GOAL OF OUR CARRIER IS WAKE ISLAND, AND JUST 125 MILES AWAY LIES AN INVITATION TO VENGEANCE STRONGER THAN FEARS OF THE STORM--



6 ONE OF THE BEST PILOTS HAS TROUBLE-- IN A GUST OF RAIN HE CRASHES INTO A BIG 5-INCH GUN AS HE GOES OVERSIDE--



7 QUICKLY, THE PLANE-GUARD DESTROYER COMES ALONGSIDE TO PICK UP THE CREW--



8 HALF AN HOUR LATER, 37 BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS REACH THEIR TARGET--



AFTER DROPPING THEIR BOMBS, THE PLANES FLY RECKLESSLY LOW TO STRAFE THE SHORE BATTERIES--

IT SEEMS QUEER TO BE FIRING ON AMERICAN PROPERTY-- BUT I HATE TO SEE THOSE JAPS USING IT--



ANY OF YOU FIGHTERS SEE THAT BIG JAP SEA-PLANE TAKE OFF AS WE CAME IN?

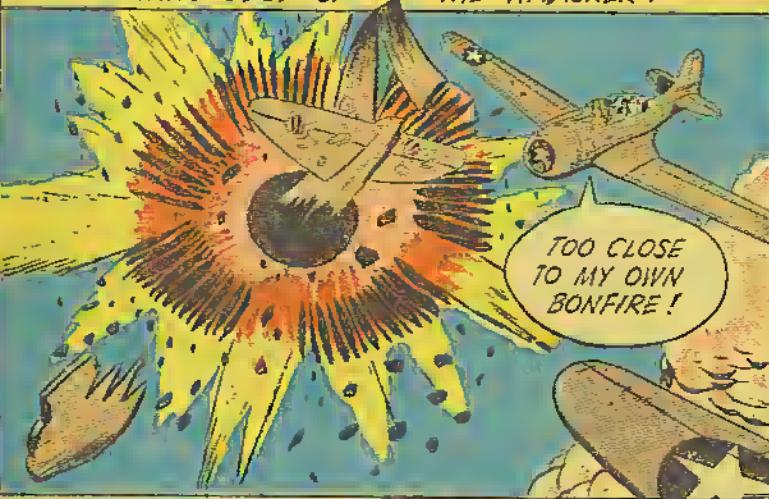
WE'RE AFTER IT!



THREE FIGHTERS CATCH UP WITH THE HUGE SHIP, AND RAKE IT WITH FIRE--



-- AND SUDDENLY THE MONSTER EXPLODES, SO FIERCELY THAT PIECES OF THE WRECKAGE ARE EMBEDDED IN THE WING EDGE OF THE ATTACKER!



TO FOOL THE ENEMY, THE PILOTS HEAD BACK TO THE CARRIER IN A DIRECTION DIFFERENT FROM ITS COURSE--



LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE TUNA BOATS THAT USED TO MESS AROUND SAN DIEGO--

YES, SIR-- ESPECIALLY DURING MANEUVERS.

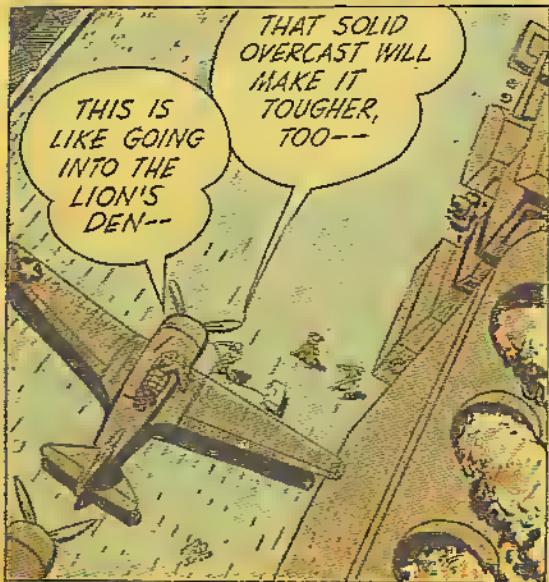
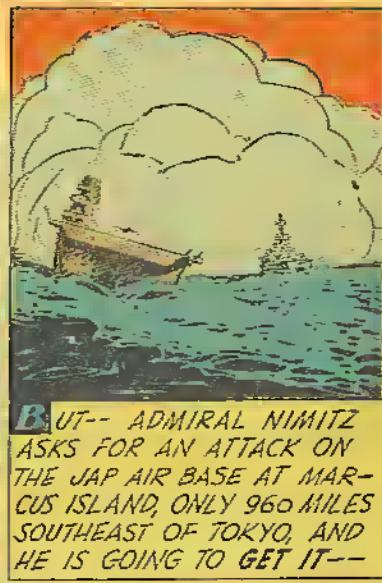
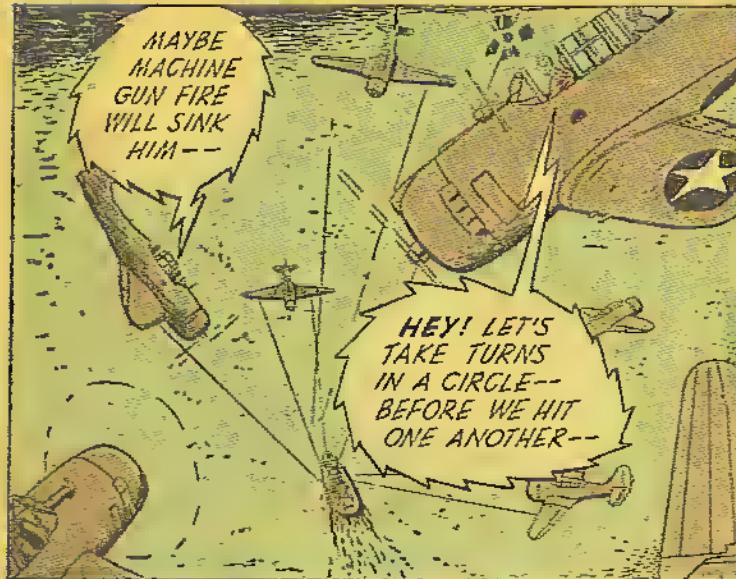


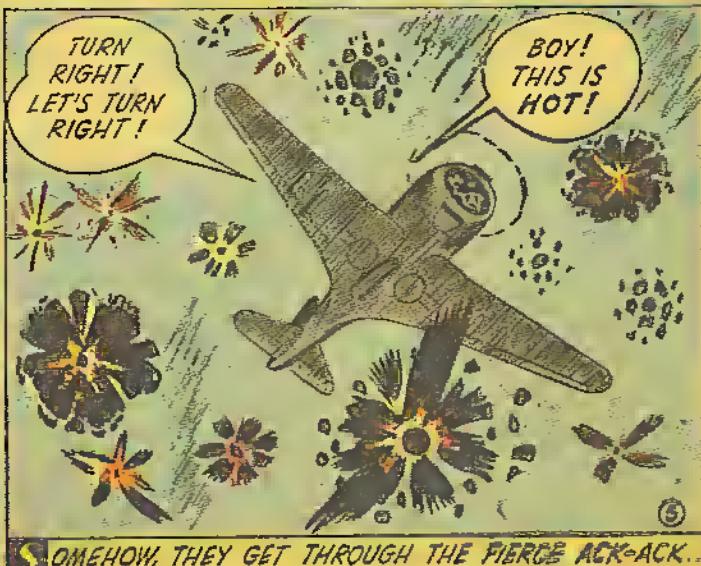
I HAVE A 100-POUNDER LEFT, MR. DICKINSON--

OKAY, LET THE LITTLE INNOCENT HAVE IT!



IN HIS IMPETUOUS HURRY, THE PILOT FAILS TO SCORE A HIT--





--AND BY EXPERT FLYING BEAT
THE JAPS' STIFFEST OPPONITION.

WE'RE
BETTER OFF
ZIG-ZAGGING
CLOSE TO THE
WATER--

I'M ON FIRE,
SKIPPER.
I'LL HAVE
TO LAND.

IT'S
DALE
HILTON!
LOOK!

--BUT HE MAKES A BEAUTI-
FUL GLIDE, CAUSING HARDLY
A SPLASH.

DICKINSON'S ROOMMATE IS NOT SO LUCKY, AND IT LOOKS
AS IF HIS PLANE WON'T STAY TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH
TO MAKE A WATERY LANDING--

LET'S GO
DOWN AND
SEE HOW
HE'S
DOING--

HERE COME
THREE JAPS,
MR. DICKINSON-

BUT WITH THE ENEMY ON
THEIR TAIL, THERE'S NO TIME
TO INVESTIGATE--

SO THEY LEAVE IN A HURRY,
ENJOYING THE RETURN TRIP
TO THE CARRIER-- IT IS LIKE
COMING BACK FROM THEIR
OWN FUNERAL--

ARE YOU
OKAY, DE
LUCA?

YES, MR.
DICKINSON, I'D
LIKE TO PUT THE
WAY I FEEL IN
BOTTLES.

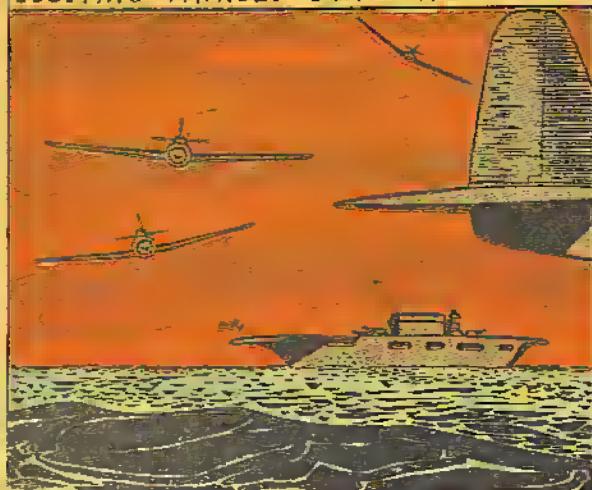
WE
REALLY
CRIPPLED
THAT
BASE--

FOR A
LONG TIME
TO COME, MR.
DICKINSON.

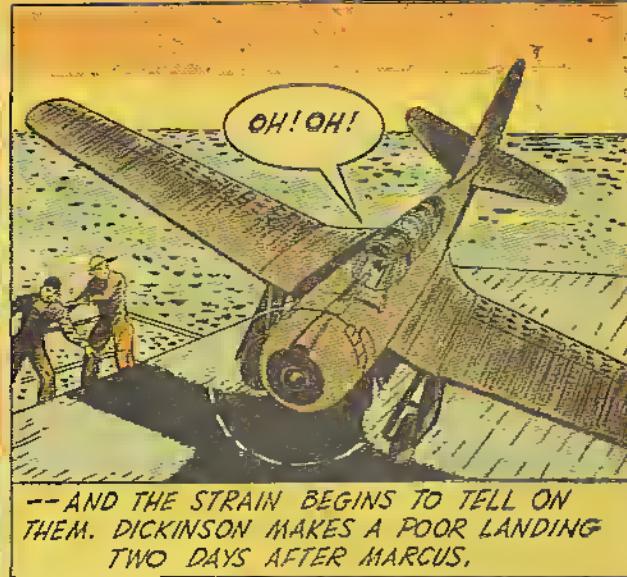
ANY
WORD
FROM
HILTON?

HE AND HIS
GUNNER WERE SEEN
IN THEIR RUBBER BOAT,
BOTH PADDLING--

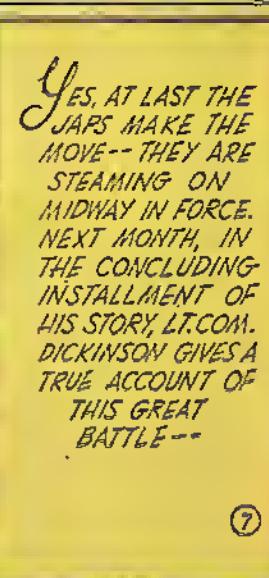
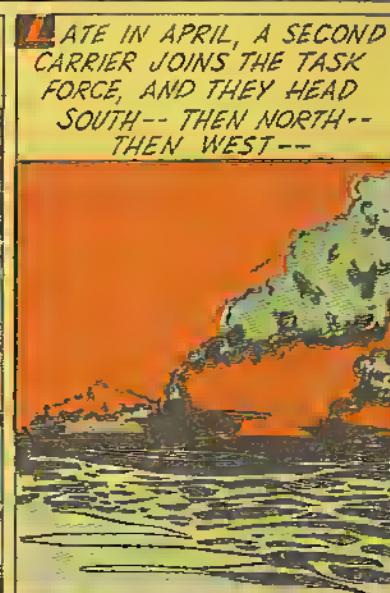
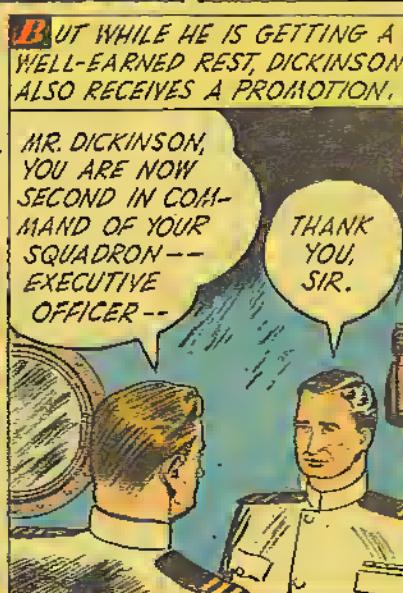
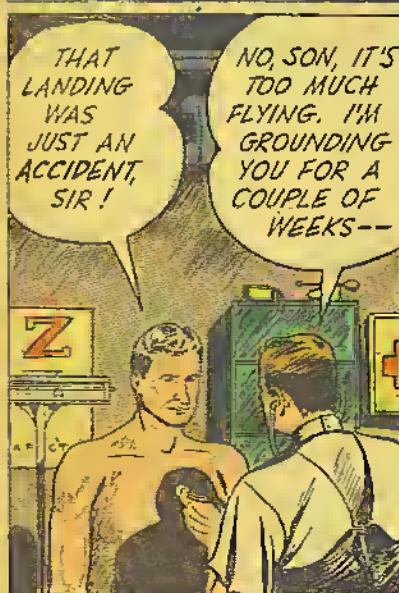
THERE IS NO LET-UP ON THE CARRIER PILOTS, EVEN NOW, AS THEY MUST MAINTAIN SCOUTING PATROLS CONSTANTLY--



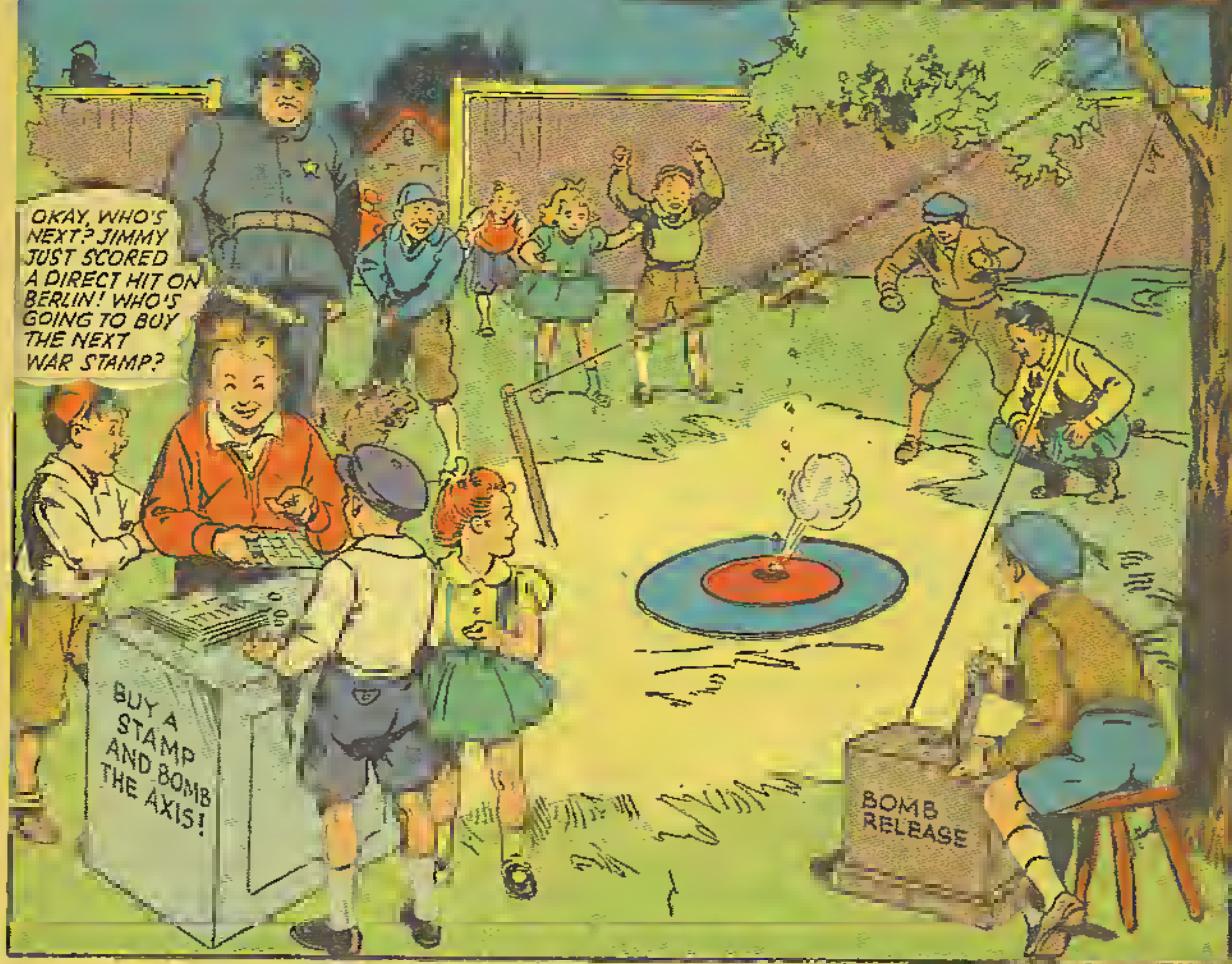
OH! OH!



--AND THE STRAIN BEGINS TO TELL ON THEM. DICKINSON MAKES A POOR LANDING TWO DAYS AFTER MARCUS.



EDISON BELL



BREAK IT UP, KIDS! YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE!

GOSH, OFFICER CASEY -- WE'RE SELLING WAR STAMPS -- BESIDES, WHAT'S WRONG WITH BOMBING THE AXIS?

HAH! AND A LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO YA -- C'MON NOW, BE GOOD KIDS AND MOVE ALONG!

DICTATOR!

EASY, JERRY!

HE'S ONLY DOING HIS JOB -- WE WERE MAKING A LOT OF NOISE! I GUESS SOME WAR WORKERS ARE TRYING TO SLEEP!

HMPH!



BUT, THAT RUINS WELL, WE SOLD
OUR WHOLE A LOT TODAY-
STAMP DRIVE! BESIDES, IT'S
ALMOST SUPPER TIME ANYWAY!

THE PARK ARMS

SAY, EDDIE-- HOW-
ABOUT EATING
WITH ME TONIGHT?
MOM AND DAD
ARE OUT--

OKAY, JERRY!
I'LL CALL MY
MOM AND
TELL HER!

WAIT'LL YOU TASTE
ONE OF MY SUPER-
SANDWICHES! HA! HA!
I'LL TRY
ANYTHING
ONCE!

SOMETIMES LATER... THE BOYS RELAX IN JERRY'S HOME --
FIVE STORIES UP, OVERLOOKING THE PARK.

SAY-- I'VE BEEN WANTING
TO READ THIS BOOK--
--MIND IF I LOOK AT
IT?

GO AHEAD-- I'M GOING
TO SEE IF THERE'S
ANYTHING ON THE
SHORT WAVE!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'LL GET?
ALL THE AMATEURS
HAVE BEEN ORDERED
OFF THE AIR!

OH-- THERE ARE
ALWAYS THE
POLICE CALLS!

CALLING ALL
CARS... GO TO
NORTH PARK
ENTRANCE...
HEY! THAT'S
RIGHT NEAR
HERE! TURN
IT UP!

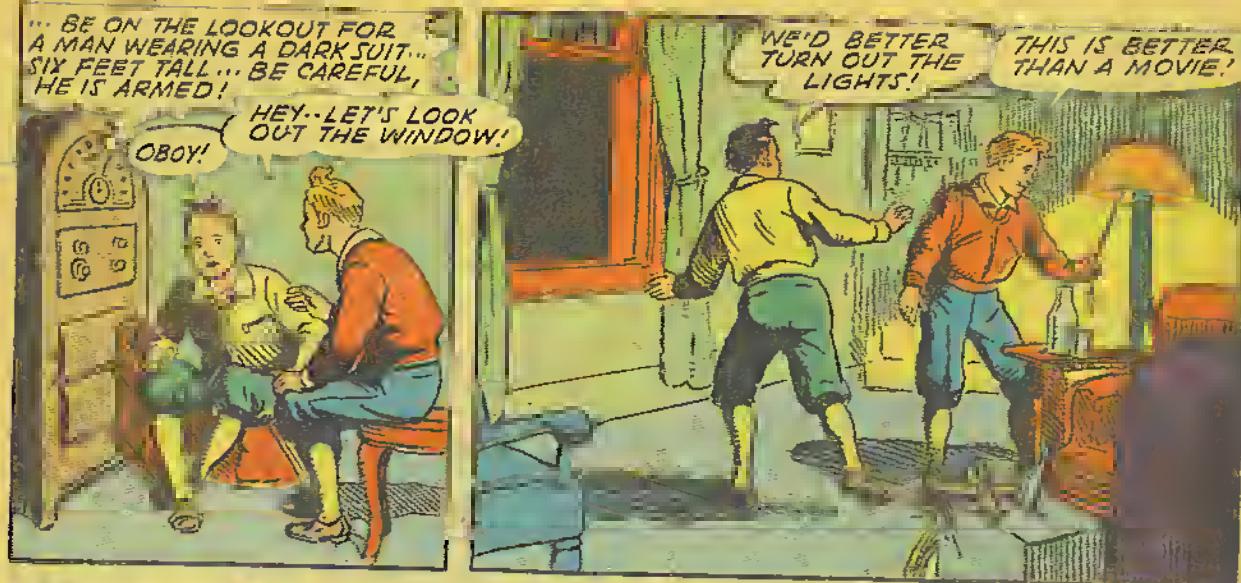
... BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR
A MAN WEARING A DARK SUIT...
SIX FEET TALL... BE CAREFUL...
HE IS ARMED!

HEY... LET'S LOOK
OUT THE WINDOW!

OBOY!

WE'D BETTER
TURN OUT THE
LIGHTS!

THIS IS BETTER
THAN A MOVIE!



SEE
ANYTHING?

NOTHING YET--
EXCEPT THAT
POLICE CAR
CRUISING
AROUND!

AND BELOW, THE POLICE CAR DRAWS TO A HALT!

YOU GO THROUGH THE
PARK, CASEY-- I'LL
SEARCH THE
ALLEYWAYS!

OKAY, PAT ---
BETTER KEEP
YOUR GUN HANDY!



WELL, THEY'VE BEEN
SEARCHING FOR HALF-
AN-HOUR AND STILL
NO SIGN-- IT MUST'VE
BEEN A FALSE ALARM!

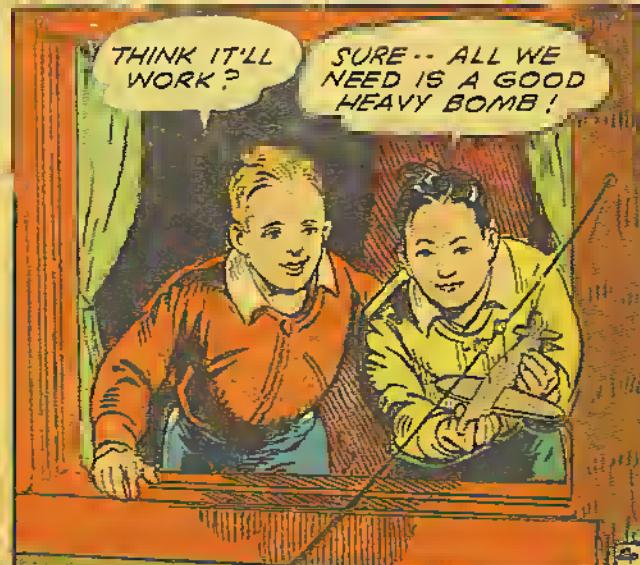
HEY, WAIT!
EDDIE --
C'MERE!

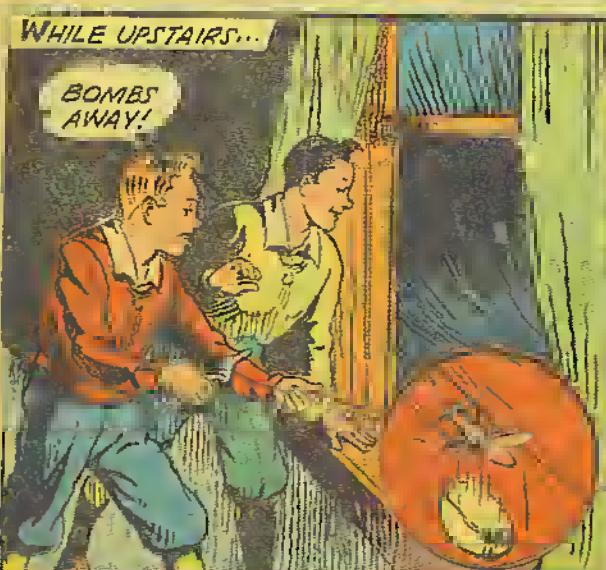


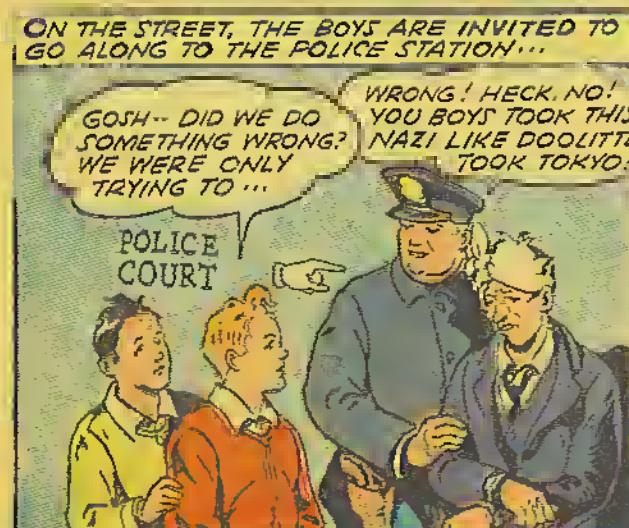
LOOK AT THAT
MAN DOWN
THERE --
NEAR THOSE
BUSHES!

HE FITS THE DESCRIPTION
AND HE CERTAINLY
LOOKS AS IF HE'S
TRYING TO HIDE!









EDISON BELL

BOMBS THE AXIS!

---Right in his own back yard!

BY RAY GILL

DRAW THE TARGET
RIGHT ON THE GROUND,
USING THE SIMPLE
COMPASS SHOWN BELOW...

DRIVE STAKE INTO
CENTER OF TARGET
TO BE DRAWN.

A POINTED STICK
DRAWS A PERFECT
CIRCLE. SHORTEN
THE STRING FOR THE
SMALLER CIRCLE.

THE HIGH END
IS TIED TO A
TREE.

LOW END OF
STRING.

MARBLES
FOR BOMBS

PULLEY

ROME

TOKYO

BERLIN

BOMB RELEASE STRING
UNWINDS FROM SPOOL
IN BOX BELOW, TILL
STICK IS PULLED STOP-
PING STRING... PULLING
RELEASE ON
PLANE... TO
DROP BOMBS!

BOMB
RELEASE
STICK

PUT WIRE
THROUGH
PULLEYS
BEFORE
TYING

WIRE

LONG WIRE

WIRE

PIECE OF
TIN COVERS
HOLE TILL
PULLED AWAY.

BENT
NAILS
RUBBER
BUMPER

BOMBER
IS MADE OF
SOLID PINE--ABOUT
18" LONG. SIMPLE
CONSTRUCTION
SHOWN... FANCY
IT UP AS
MUCH AS
YOU LIKE.

DRILL HOLE THROUGH THE
BODY, INSERT TUBING
LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD
SIX MARBLES.

STRING TO SPOOL
IN BOMB RELEASE BOX.

PHANTOM
VIEW OF
INTERIOR

WOOD
BOX



ARLINE was proud that she could play a part in the defense of her country. But a feeling of uneasiness had overtaken her as she rode the bike through the narrow wooded path toward the Ranger's Post.

She had seen no one since she left the main highway; still she had the feeling that she was being watched.

Her thoughts caused her to work the pedals madly, and she arrived at the post wet with perspiration.

"You raced down the path as if something were after you," Ranger Sweeney smiled. "What brings you out here?"

Arline jumped off the bike and waited to catch her breath before she answered. She couldn't tell the Ranger of her strange feeling. He'd think she was a silly scare cat.

She took an envelope from her blouse pocket, and forcing a smile pointed to the large M on her arm-band. "I'm an Air Raid Warden's messenger," she said.

Ranger Sweeney took the letters. "So they've finally organized you girls and boys," he said, nodding his head approvingly. "That's a swell idea."

Arline straddled the bike. "I'd better hurry back before it gets dark," she said. She pushed away, dreading the ride back over the narrow, wooded path.

Her legs were tiring from over-exertion when she came in sight of the main highway. A few minutes on the highway and she'd be at her home in Pleasantville.

Suddenly a figure staggered from among the trees near the fork of the road. Arline braked the bike, fear gripping her.

The figure limped toward her. Arline caught her breath, then relaxed. "It's a woman," she told herself. "I've nothing to fear."

"Would you help me?" the woman asked. "I've hurt der ankle."

Arline noticed the broken English, but the woman was tall, blonde and pretty—there was nothing sinister about her.

ANXIOUS to help, Arline placed the bike on the side of the path, then she wrapped the woman's arm around her shoulder for support.

"Ve go dis vay," the woman said, moving toward a foot-path among the trees.

Without hesitation, Arline walked along with her. But as the trees enveloped them, Arline stopped abruptly. "Where are we going?" she asked. "You can't get any aid in here."

"My house, it is only a short vay."

Arline searched her memory. "There is no house in here .. There is only the old vacant windmill."

The woman's hand clutched Arline's shoulder in a steel-like grip. A small revolver appeared in her other hand.

"You vill come with me quiet, Arline, yes?"

Fear left Arline speechless.

"Der name is Arline, yes?"

Arline felt long finger nails dig into her shoulder. She nodded.

"Good! Herr Heimster vill be pleased."

The woman no longer pretended to have an injured ankle as she forced Arline to walk ahead to the windmill.

The windmill, situated in a small clearing, was falling apart from age. "Up der steps," the woman ordered.

Inside, a man was sitting on a comfortable chair, alongside what Arline thought to be a short-wave radio set. There was also a cupboard filled with canned goods, and a folding cot. The man took earphones off his head and looked at Arline and the woman. He was tall and broad-shouldered, but his closely shaven head seemed to sit right on top of the shoulders.

"Herr Heimster, Dis is Arline Joyce. She vill show us where Hans slept, so ve can get der book with our agents' names in it."

ASHREWD look appeared in Arline's eyes. "There must be some mistake," she said. "I'm not Arline Joyce. My name is Arline Krause!"

Herr Heimster jumped to his feet. There was murder in his eyes as he stared at Gretzel. "You blundering idiot!" he snapped. "You did not bring der right girl! I wanted der girl whose father our captured comrade worked for!"

Arline forced a smile. "Are you speaking of Hans, the Joyces' gardener, whom the F.B.I. arrested as a Nazi spy?"

"Ach, the F.B.I., dey are fools," Gretzel scoffed. "Dey neffer found dis place where Hans sent messages to der U-boats."

Herr Heimster's eyes widened. "Shut der mouth, Gretzel," he ordered. "You talk too much and you bring der wrong girl!"

Gretzel studied Arline. "Der girl, she lies," she said doubtfully. "Only dis morning I see her on der lawn of der Joyce house."

Herr Heimster grabbed Arline's wrist. He applied pressure and forced her to her knees. Then he shoved her to the floor.

Arline looked up at Herr Heimster. "I've told the truth. I'm not Arline Joyce. Arline Joyce and I are friends. I must have been waiting on the lawn for her when this lady saw me this morning."

Gretzel pointed her revolver at Arline. "Der girl, she knows too much. Ve should get rid of her!"

"Vait!" Herr Heimster said. He walked as far away from Arline as the small room would permit and motioned Gretzel to follow him.

Arline rose to her feet and watched the two spies as they talked in low tones. Only an occasional word reached her ears.

"You go to der Joyce house much, so you know Hans der gardener, heh?" Arline nodded.

"You know where he slept, heh?"

"Certainly. His quarters were in the room over the garage."

GRETEL took up the questioning. "You took a message to der ranger to tell him of a test blackout, yes?"

Arline hesitated momentarily, then said, "Yes, there is to be a test blackout tonight at nine-thirty. It is to last for a half hour."

"Goot!" Herr Heimster exclaimed. "Der Amerikan pigs work hand mit hand with us. Der girl shall take us to Hans' room while everything is darkened out, and ve shall get der book from der mattress."

Gretzel caught Herr Heimster's spirit. "And we shall be able to board the U-312 at der Cove before it sails at midnight!"

U-312 at the Cove! Arline held her breath to keep from showing her surprise on her face. There was only one Cove nearby, and it would make a splendid hiding place for a submarine.

But who would think the Nazis would be so brazen as to hide on the coast of New Jersey?

IT WAS almost nine-thirty when Arline led Herr Heimster and Gretzel across the lawn toward the garage.

Herr Heimster laughed softly. "Make sure dat ve don't be seen. Krause is a German name—and if ve are caught you are caught, and der fools of der F.B.I. will arrest you and your parents as Nazis, too!"

Arline shuddered as she reached the garage door. Gretzel pushed Arline inside ahead of her. Herr Heimster followed them.

Arline's hand moved along the dark wall. Her fingers found a push button. She pressed against it.

The wail of a siren, atop the garage roof, split the silence of the night.

"Vot is dat?" Herr Heimster asked excitedly.

"The air raid alarm," Arline said softly, "and here is the stairway to Hans' bedroom."

With catlike steps Herr Heimster raced up the stairs. Gretzel held on to Arline's arm and waited. "He von't be long. Ve know dat Hans hid der book in der upper right hand corner of der bed mattress." In a few minutes Herr Heimster returned. "I haff it!" he exclaimed.

Hurriedly the three stepped outside.

ADOZEN flashlights suddenly beamed into their faces! Herr Heimster's hand moved to a shoulder holster, and Gretzel dug into her pocket for her gun. But eager hands disarmed them.

"Der girl, and her parents," Herr Heimster shouted in desperation, "dey are spies, too!"

Arline smiled. "Don't mind him, Daddy," she said. "I told these smart Nazi spies that I wasn't Arline Joyce, because I wanted to confuse them. I also told them that there was to be a test blackout tonight, because I knew the air raid wardens were holding a meeting here. Then I blew the siren, hoping that you'd all come to investigate the false alarm, and would capture these spies—and the important book Hans left behind!"

"You've done a good job, Arline, and I'm proud of you," Mr. Joyce said with pride.

Arline yawned and rubbed her eyes. "There's something else, Daddy. There's a U-boat hiding in the Cove. It's going to leave at midnight."

"What!" chorused the air raid wardens.

Mr. Joyce raced toward the house. "I'm going to notify the Coast Guard," he shouted. "Arline, you've just caught a fish!"

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



AMERICAN BOYS FLYING
P-40 WARHAWK FIGHTER
PLANES HAVE SHOT THE
ENEMY OUT OF THE
SKIES ALL OVER THE
WORLD ---

AND, IN
ONE
SINGLE
ENGAGEMENT
OFF
TUNISIA
IN THE
NORTH
AFRICA
CAMPAIGN,
THEY
DOWNED
77 PLANES,
THE
GREATEST
SINGLE
AERIAL
VICTORY
IN
HISTORY
UP
TO
THAT
TIME!

HOW IT BEGAN-- THE FAMOUS
U.S. 51ST FIGHTER GROUP
OF THE ALLIED DESERT
AIR FORCE TAKES OFF
ON PATROL!



O.K., BLACK SCORPIONS,
FIGHTING COCKS, AND
EXTERMINATORS --
HUNTING OUGHT TO
BE GOOD OFF
CAPE BON!



THE P-40'S ARE JOINED
BY ENGLISH SPIT-
FIRES -- THE NAZIS
ARE ON THE RUN
IN TUNISIA AND
EVERY ALLIED
PLANE IS OUT
FOR THE KILL!



BUT THE SKIES ARE
EMPTY ALL DAY!



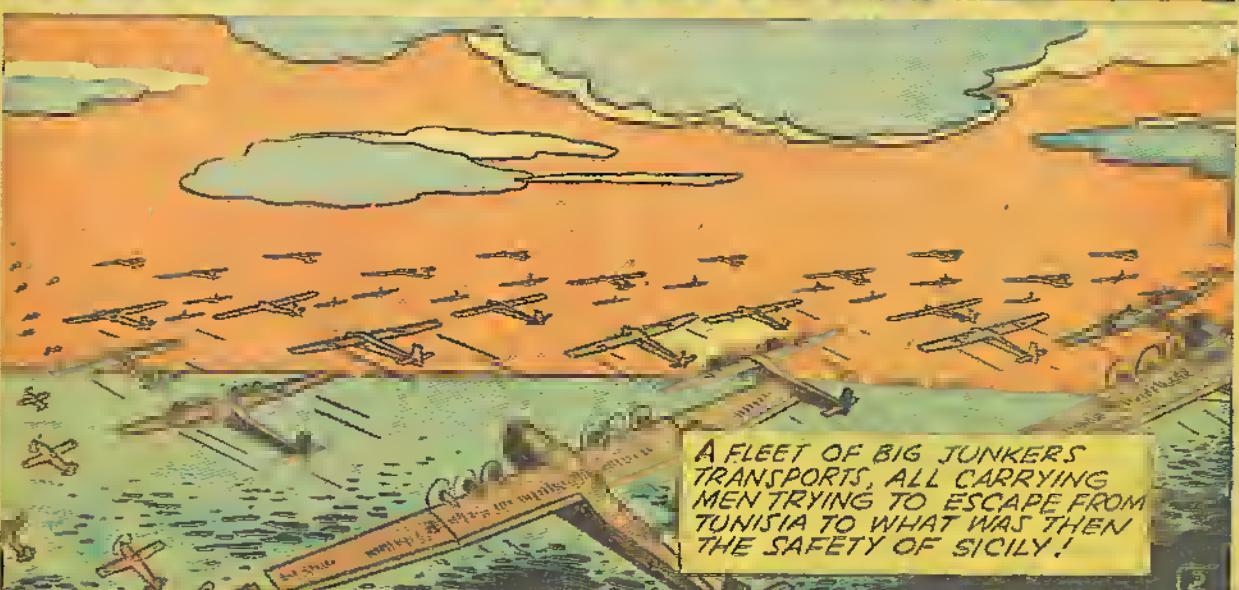
GUESS THEY'RE
AFRAID OF US, BOYS-
WE MIGHT AS WELL
START HOME!

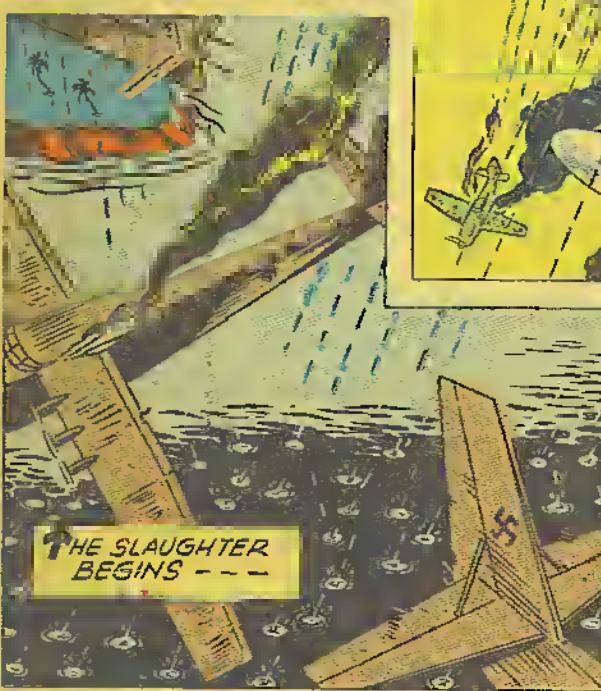


WAIT A MINUTE,
SKIPPER -- LOOK
DOWN THERE
AT 8 O'CLOCK!



A FLEET OF BIG JUNKERS
TRANSPORTS, ALL CARRYING
MEN TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM
TUNISIA TO WHAT WAS THEN
THE SAFETY OF SICILY!





TWO DOWN FOR
ME--THIS OUGHT
TO MAKE IT
THREE!

OH, HANG -- OUT
OF AMMUNITION!
MAYBE I CAN
FORCE HIM DOWN!



NOT A JERRY IN
THE SKIES! NOW
I GUESS WE CAN
REALLY GO HOME!



THE SCORE'S
ALL IN, BOYS--
58 JUNKERS
TRANSPORTS AND
19 FIGHTERS!
77 PLANES IN ALL!

THAT WAS SOME
FIGHT BUT WHAT
CHANCE DID THE
NAZIS HAVE AGAINST
OUR WARHAWKS!



FEARLESS FELLERS

H. KIEFER
AND
RAY TIL

AH TELLS YO,
WE'RE RICH!

I'LL HAVE TO
SEE IT FIRST!

I HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT,
INKY!

WE FIND OUR YOUNG FRIENDS
ON A RAFT --- HEADED FOR
HERMIT'S ISLAND WHERE
INKY HAS UNEARTHED
WHAT HE BELIEVED TO BE--
BURIED TREASURE!

WHEE- THE
MARINES
HAVE
LANDED!

FIRST ONE
TO THE
TREASURE CAN
SPLIT IT UP!

NAW--
WE'RE
PIRATES!

THAT IS--IF
THERE REALLY
IS ANY!

IT'S HERE
ALL RIGHT!

SEE!
WE'S
RICH!

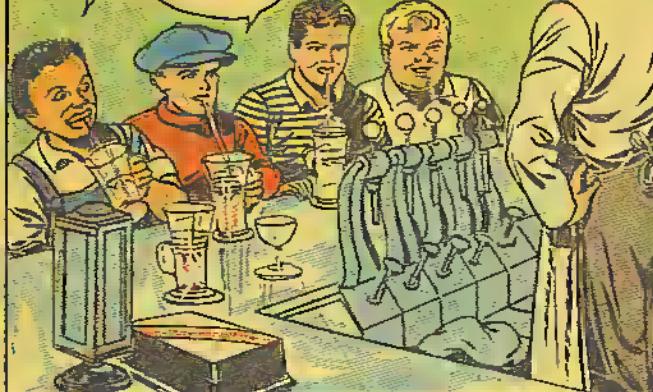
HOLY
SMOKES!
GOSH!
IMAGINE
ALL THE
SODAS THIS'LL
BUY!

SO--A SHORT TIME LATER...

SURE--
FILL 'EM UP
AGAIN!

UHHH!

FOUR
MORE,
PLEASE!



FOUR ICE CREAM
SODAS AFTER THAT--

(SAY, ARE YOU KIDS
SURE YOU CAN PAY
FOR THIS?)

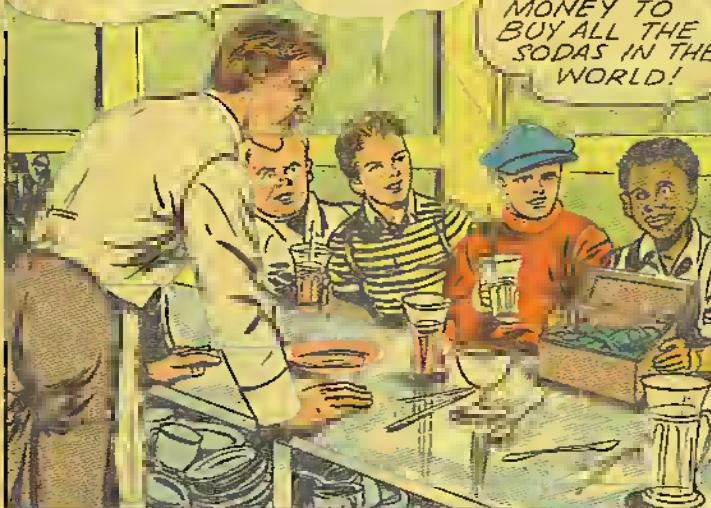
YUP--
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
WORRY
ABOUT
THAT!



I'M BEGINNING
TO THINK I DO!

O.K! SHOW
HIM, INKY!

HERE! WE'VE
GOT 'NUFF
MONEY TO
BUY ALL THE
SODAS IN THE
WORLD!



HUH-- HEY! THIS IS CONFED-
ERATE MONEY!!

IT IS? WELL,
ANYHOW IT'S
MONEY!



THIS STUFF ISN'T
ANY GOOD NOW--
SHUCKS, THIS KIND
OF MONEY WENT
OUT WITH THE
CIVIL WAR! NOW,
COME WITH ME
--- I'LL
SHOW YOU
SOMETHING!

DISHES--DIRTY DISHES!
O.K. - GET TO WORK!



I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN IT WOULD
TURN OUT LIKE
THIS!

HE-HEH! GUESS THOSE
KIDS WON'T TAKE ANY
MORE WOODEN--
UHH--WHAT?

THE CLERK CALLS MR. CLAYTON,
PUDGE'S FATHER--

HELLO--THIS IS THE APEX
SODA FOUNTAIN--YOUR
SON AND HIS FRIENDS
HAVE RUN UP A
BILL HERE...

SINCE HE'S A
MINOR I'LL HAVE
TO HOLD YOU
RESPONSIBLE!

I SEE!
WELL, HOW
MUCH
DOES IT
COME
TO?

SIXTY-FOUR DOLLARS
AND THIRTY
CENTS!

WHAT!?
I'LL BE
RIGHT
DOWN!

SECONDS
LATER AT
A NEARBY
HOSPITAL...

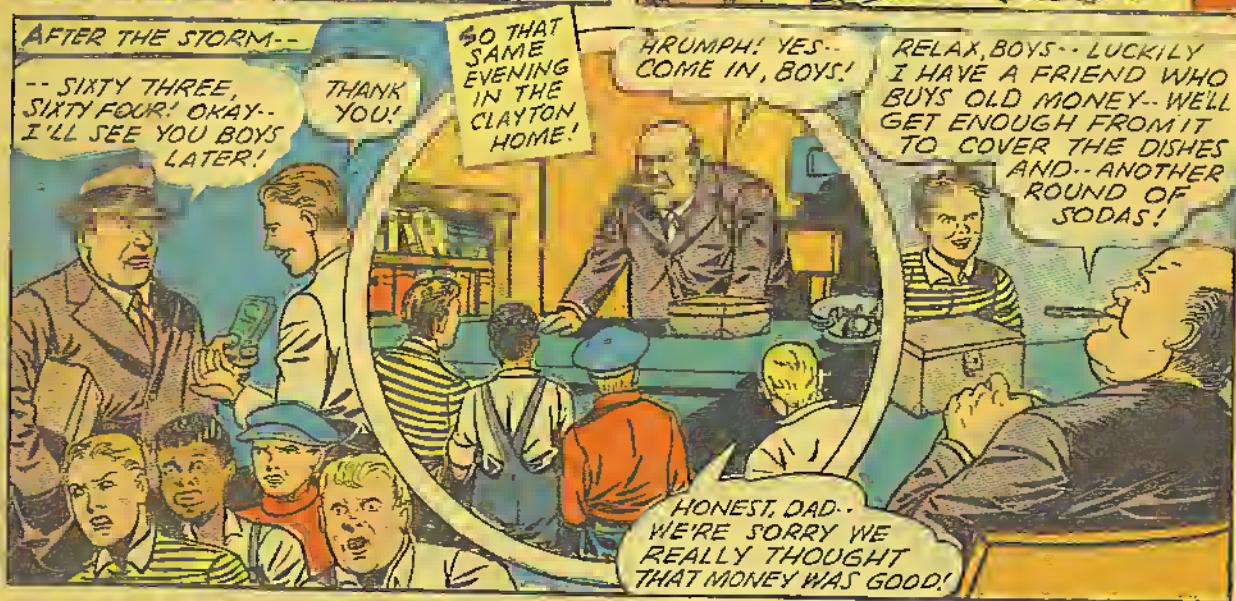
YES, MR. CLAYTON--
FOUR STOMACH
PUMPS AND TWO
AMBULANCES!
RIGHT AWAY!

OH-OH!

MR. CLAYTON BREAKS ALL THE
TRAFFIC REGULATIONS--

BUT---I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO
DRINK THAT MUCH SODA!
HOPE THAT DOCTOR
ARRIVES IN TIME!





BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

INTRODUCING
"HEINIE"

BLUE BOLT'S
NEW DAREDEVIL
BUDDY --

by
DAN
BARRY
and
JOHN GIUNTA

BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT IS IN NORTH AFRICA, AFTER HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE NAZI STRONGHOLD IN CRETE! BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM ADVENTURE FOR THIS DASHING AMERICAN FIGHTER! FOR, BLUE BOLT SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN THE FIRE OF A NATIVE RELIGIOUS WAR... AND WITH THE AID OF A STOUT-HEARTED, FREEDOM-LOVING GERMAN, HE THWARTS A CLEVER NAZI PLOT AND MAKES IT BACKFIRE --- RIGHT IN DER FUHRER'S FACE!!!

"HEINIE"

A
QUIET
DAY OVER
THE HOT
MOROCCAN
DESERT...A
SLEEK P-51
APACHE CUTS
THROUGH
THE SUNNY SKIES ON
RECONNAISSANCE
PATROL--
BLUE BOLT
AT THE
CONTROLS!

WELL, IT'S GOOD TO BE
BEHIND THE CONTROLS OF
A GOOD OLD AMERICAN
SHIP! AND BACK WITH MY
OWN MEN! THE RUSSIANS
AND CRETANS WERE
SWELL BUT--

..THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
THE U.S.A.--SAY, WHAT'S
THAT DOWN
THERE?



BELOW, BLUE BOLT SEES BRITISH AND
ARAB TROOPS FIGHTING FURIOUSLY...



OH, OH--THOSE ARABS ARE
UP TO NO GOOD--THEY OUT-
NUMBER THAT PATROL TEN
TO ONE! THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE
OF THOSE RELIGIOUS UPRIS-
INGS I'VE BEEN
HEARING ABOUT!

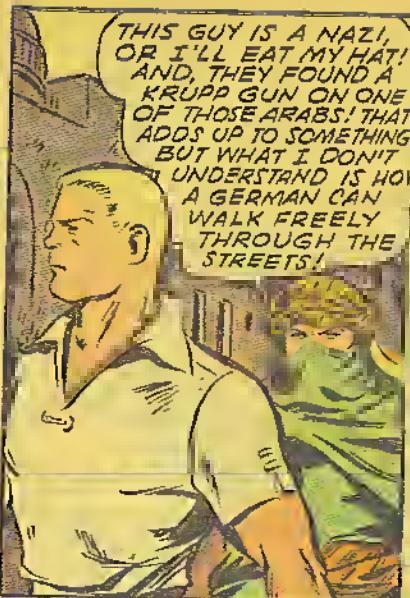
BY ALLAH! THE WHITE MAN'S
DEMON-BIRD IS SLAYING
OUR NUMBERS! DISPERSE
QUICKLY! TO THE
HILLS!

YIPEE!
THEY'RE
GONE!
HE DID
IT!
WHAT A
FLIER! YEA!
HE SAVED
OUR NECKS!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, BLUE BOLT CARRIES ON HIS OWN INVESTIGATION OF THE INCIDENT ---

HMM - EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET - NO SIGN OF TROUBLE - WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



BUT THE GERMAN IS NOT UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED!

HMM - SO I AM BEING TAILED!



OH OH! HE'S DUCKING INTO THAT ALLEY!



AS BLUE BOLT ROUNDS THE CORNER -
HEY, YOU -- STOP! OOF --



MY GOODNESS! VY, YOU ARE DER FAMOUS BLUE BOLTER! HA, HA HO, HA HA!

WHAT'S THE JOKE, YOU LAUGHIN' HEINIE! AND, HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?



PARDON ME FOR LAUGHING! THAT STILL
I THOUGHT YOU VERE DOESN'T
AN ARAB THIEF! HA! HA! EXPLAIN HOW
YOU DO LOOK FUNNY. YOU KNEW MY
IN DOT BEDSHEET! NAME AND WHAT
YOU'RE DOING IN

AFRICA,
HEINIE!

YOU SHOULDN'T I
KNOW DER GREAT
BLUE BOLTER! DOESN'T
EVERY AMERICAN
KNOW OF YOU?

AMERICANS, YEAH! BUT
YOU'RE A--

NO! I AM

KARL VON
RICHENSTOSS!
BORN IN BROOKLYN,
RAISED IN
GERMANY!

VEN I CAME BACK
TO AMERICA, I WAS
HIRED AS A SECRET
SERVICE OPERATIVE--
HERE ARE MY PAPERS!
BUT VOT ARE YOU
DOINK HERE?

I'M TRYING TO
TRACK DOWN SOME
NAZIS WHO ARE
BEHIND A RELI-
GIOUS WAR!

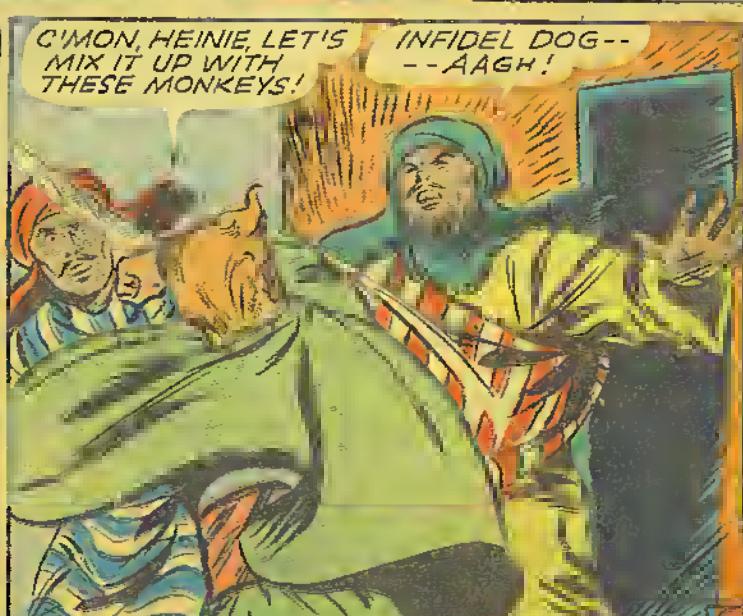
GET THEM, MEN!
THEY ARE INFIDELS--
SPIES!

WHILE BLUE BOLT
AND HEINIE HOLD THEIR
PRIVATE ARGUMENT
DANGER HAS CREEP-
UP FROM BEHIND...

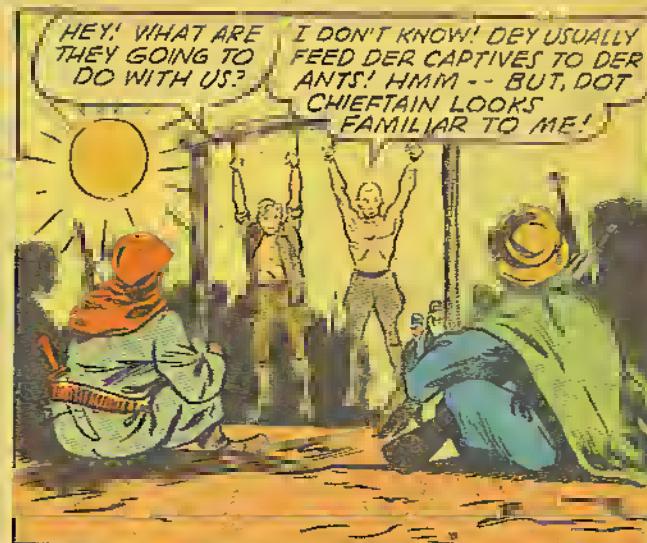
HOLY--LOOK!
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!

C'MON, HEINIE, LET'S
MIX IT UP WITH
THESE MONKEYS!

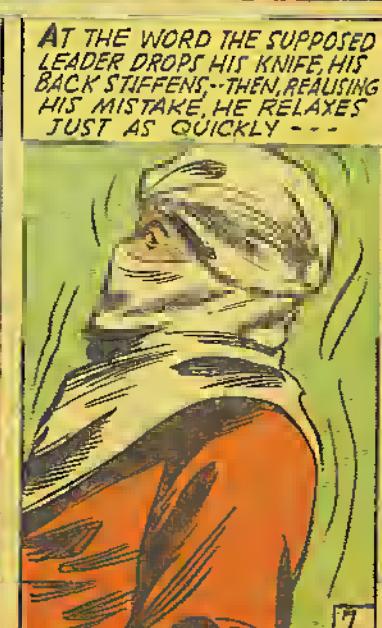
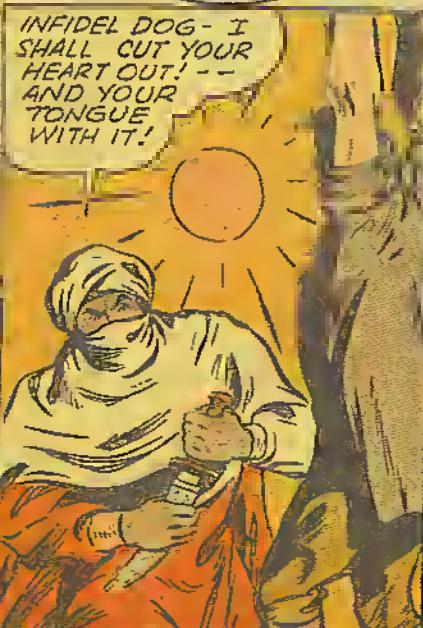
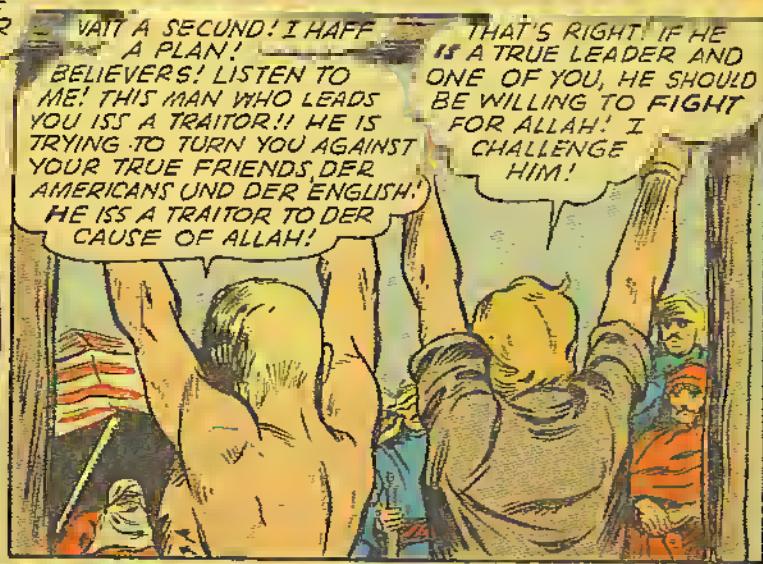
INFIDEL DOG--
--AAGH!







BUL! CUT THEM DOWN AND STAKE THEM ON THE SAND! COVER THEIR SKINS WITH MOLASSES! NO DOUBT THE INFIDELOS WILL MAKE FINE FOOD FOR THE GIANT DESERT ANTS!



THE NATIVES NOTICE DERE! YOU SEE! HE CLOSE IN, SUSPICIOUSLY- LISS A NAZI!! HE ISS AN IMPOSTER WHO HAS TRICKED YOU! CUT ME LOOSE AND I'LL PROVE IT!

NO! NO! THIS MAN LIES! IN ALLAH'S NAME, I SPEAK THE TRUTH! THESE INFIDELS ARE TRYING TO MISGUIDE YOU! SILENCE THEM! SHOOT THEM!

BAH! MIGHTY KHAN TURNS COWARD! HE IS NO TRUE LEADER OF THE SONS OF ALLAH!

CUT DOWN ONE WHITE MAN! WE SEE IF HE WILL FIGHT!



THE NATIVES FREE HEINIE --

OKAY, BUDDY, NOW I GIFF YOU ONE BIG LICKINK!

NO! WAIT! KILL HIM! ALLAH COMMANDS--

YOU FIGHT, KHAN!

IT'S TOO LATE TO BACK OUT NOW!

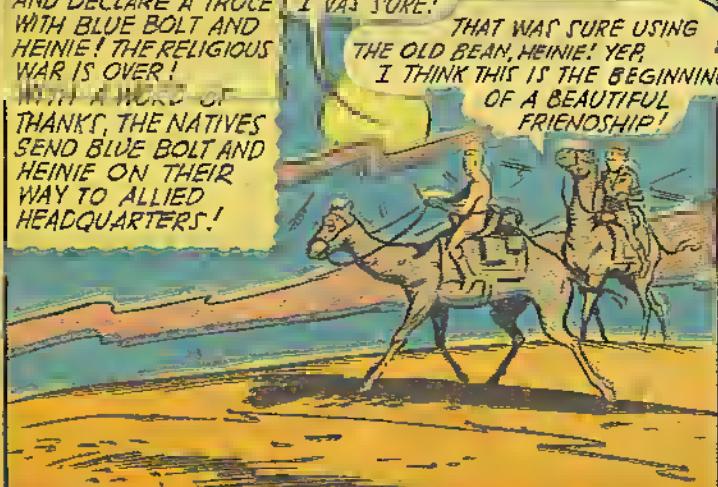


ALL ENDS WELL! THE NATIVES REALIZE THEY HAVE BEEN DUPED AND DECLARE A TRUCE WITH BLUE BOLT AND HEINIE! THE RELIGIOUS WAR IS OVER!

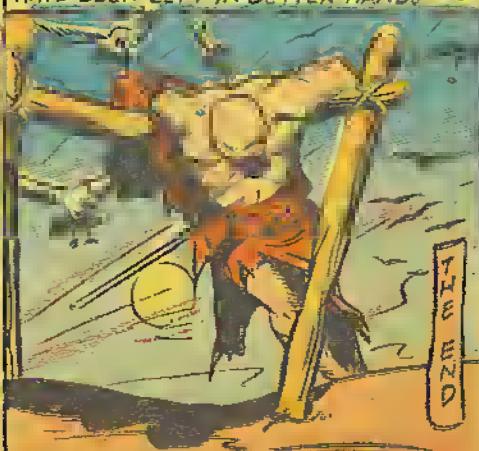
WITH A WORD OF THANKS, THE NATIVES SEND BLUE BOLT AND HEINIE ON THEIR WAY TO ALLIED HEADQUARTERS!

JA WOHL- VEN I SAID "ACHTUNG" WHICH ISS DER CHERMAN VORD FOR ATTENTION, AND HE DBEYED- I VAS SURE!

THAT WAS SURE USING THE OLD BEAN, HEINIE! YEP, I THINK THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!



AND, AS BLUE BOLT AND HEINIE RIDE INTO THE SUNSET, THEY LEAVE THE TREACHEROUS NAZI IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE. HE SO GREATLY WRONGED! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN LEFT IN BETTER HANDS---



KRISKO JASPER

THE "SEA-BEES" (CONSTRUCTION BATTALION) GET READY TO MOVE INTO ADVANCED POSITIONS -- KRISKO AND JASPER ARE SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!

HAVE THE MEN READY TO GO ABOARD IN HALF AN HOUR, J.G. YES, SIR!

SO YOU WANNA FIGHT, EH!!-- WELL, THE SEABEES WILL SHOW YOU PLENTY!

YES, SIR,
MR.
ENSIGN!!

BY JACK A.
WARREN

THE "SEA-BEES" MOVE UP IN LANDING BARGES.



HEY, ENSIGN, THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US!

SO WHAT? DO YOU WANNA GET OUT AND WALK?

DAD-BLAST YUH!
YOU CAN'T DO
THAT TO ME
AND GIT AWAY
WITH IT!

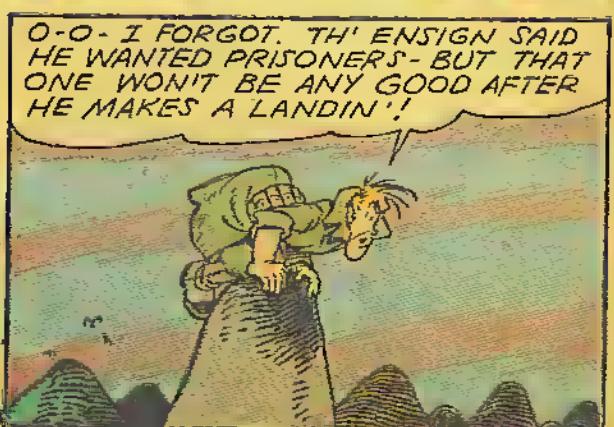
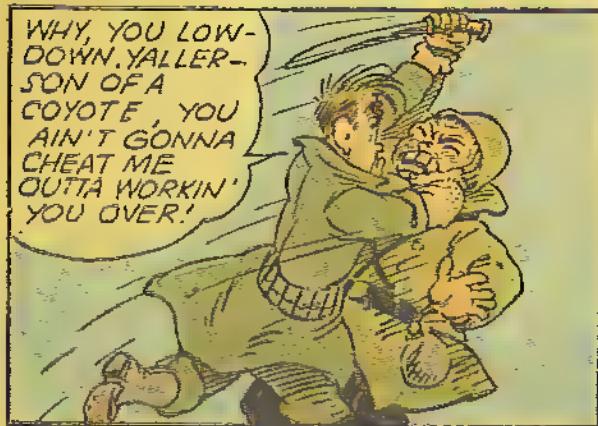
PING
SIT
DOWN!

LOOKY-THERE! A HOLE IN MY NEW WAR BONNET-- NOW IT'LL LEAK-DAH. GON THEM MONKEYS- I'M A GITTIN' A MAD ON!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT 'EM TO DO?
KISS YOU?-STICKIN'
YOUR NECK OUT
LIKE THAT!

THE MARINES AND SEA-BEES LAND IN THE FACE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.





HEY - HOW DID I EVER 'GIT UP HERE ?

AND HOW AM I GONNA GIT DOWN ?

YOO - HOO - OO - KRISKO - ENSIGN - GIT ME DOWN FROM HERE - WHY - WHY - THEY'RE A - GOIN' - AWAY AND LEAVIN' ME UP HERE !

WAY DOWN BELOW KRISKO AND THE ENSIGN --

WELL, LET'S GO BACK TO OUR OUTFIT - IT'S GETTING DARK !

WHAT ABOUT JASPER UP THERE ?

HE CLIMBED UP THERE WHEN HE WAS MAD - SO LET HIM GET MAD ENOUGH TO CLIMB DOWN !

HE'S NOT AGONIN' TO LIKE THAT - BUT, MR. ENSIGN, YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA THERE !

NEXT MORNING -- 11 A.M.

YES, HE'S STILL UP THERE --

O - O - THAT MEANS TROUBLE FOR ME !

WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB UP THERE AND COAX HIM DOWN - HEY, LISTEN, FAT BOY, CAN'T YOU CLIMB ? - I CAN'T PULL YOU UP, TOO !

HELLO - O - O - UP THERE - ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?

TELL HIM CHOW IS READY, THAT'LL BRING HIM DOWN MUY - PRONTO !

NANH I AIN'T ALL RIGHT UP HERE - I'M COLD, HUNGRY, AND FROZEN TIGHT TO THIS PIN - NICKEL. YOU TWO LOBOS LEFT ME HERE ALL NIGHT, YOU BLANK - BLANK - ETTY - BLANKS ! WAIT'LL I GIT DOWN, I'M GONNA WORK YOU BOTH OVER !

MR. ENSIGN, SIR - IF YOU'LL
GO ON BACK DOWN - I'LL
THAW HIM LOOSE FROM
THIS MOUNTAIN - I'VE
GOTTA IDEA --

OKE-HOP
TO IT!

THIS IS
GONNA BE
A DANGER-
OUS
JOB!

-YOU LONG-EARED SON OF A COYOTE
- YOU MANGY, STRING-HALTED, FLEA-
BITEN, KNOCK-KNEED, STOVED-UP
MAVERICK - I CAN WHUP YOU ANY
DAY, ANY TIME! COME ON DOWN
AND I'LL SHOW YOU --

WHY- WHY, YOU
LITTLE, FAT, SAWED-
OFF, HORN TOAD!
I'M COMIN' DOWN
THERE AND
TEAR YOUR
EAR OFF!!

THAW
YOU!

OYEH --
WELL, COME ON
DOWN AND DO
IT, YOU JAP
LOVER!

HE'S SO MAD
HE THAWED HIM.
SELF LOOSE FROM
THIS PEAK --
ONLY A SEA-BEE
LIKE ME WOULD
HAVE THOUGHT
OF THIS WAY
TO GET HIM
DOWN!

I'M COMIN' AND
YOU'D BETTER
BE HARD TO
FIND WHEN
I GIT
THERE --

RECKON
IT'S TIME
I VAMOOSED!

GR-R-R - THERE'S GOIN'
TO BE ONE SEA-BEE
LESS IN THIS
OUTFIT!

HA-HA-HA-HA!

PUPPYS DO YOUR
STUFF!

HA-HA.

OUR MOTTO
COMSTRUIMUS
BATUIMUS,
"WE BUILD WE FIGHT"

KRISKO AND JASPER
FEEL ALL RIGHT ABOUT
THE "FIGHT" PART --
BUT THE "WE BUILD"
STUFF THEY SAY IS
NOT SO GOOD - IT'S
JUST A LOT OF WORK.

SEE KRISKO AND JASPER AND THE
"SEA-BEES" IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF THIS MAGAZINE!

Sergeant Spook



BILL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT MISS PRINCE'S! NOW, YOU TURN RIGHT AROUND!

AW, MOM! I DON'T WANNA...

BILL! DO AS I TELL YOU! I'M SURE JERRY CAN MEET YOU AT MISS PRINCE'S IN AN HOUR! YOU COME ALONG, BILL!



MEANWHILE, A NATIVE OF GHOSTTOWN IS WANDERING ALONG THE STREETS TOO---

HUH! TO LISTEN TO THAT DEAD GANG BACK IN GHOSTTOWN, ANYBODY'D THINK WE'RE ALL WASHED UP AS COMPOSERS!

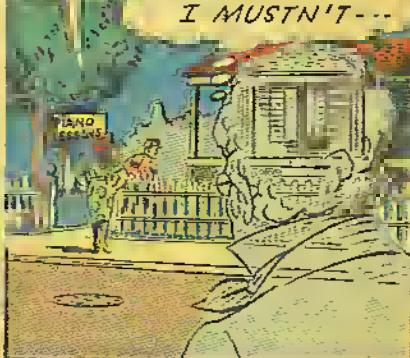


WHY IF I COULD FIGURE OUT A WAY TO WRITE THAT ZIPPY LITTLE TUNE I COOKED UP YESTERDAY---



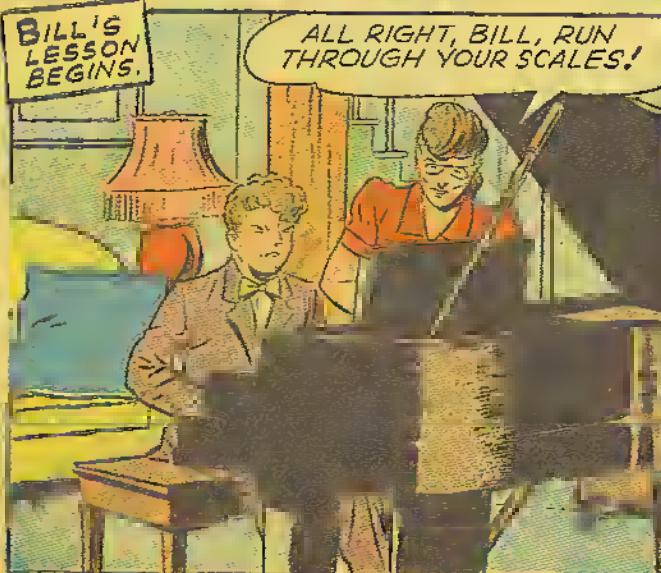
THE STUDENT AND THE MASTER MEET ---

I'M GOING TO STAND HA! RIGHT HERE UNTIL I YOU GET IN, WONDER BILL! IF THIS IS FATE!? NO-NO I MUSTN'T---



BILL'S LESSON BEGINS.

ALL RIGHT, BILL, RUN THROUGH YOUR SCALES!



OH- (GROAN) - HE'S AWFUL- STILL, I COULD USE HIM --- I MUST DECIDE QUICKLY. THAT GHOST-TOWN COP MIGHT BE ALONG ANY MINUTE! I'LL DO IT!



BILL! YOU'VE GOT TO PRACTICE EVERY DAY IF YOU EXPECT TO PLAY THE PIANO!

SHE'S RIGHT, MY BOY! PRACTICE IS VERY IMPORTANT!

YES...

- MISS PRINCE ...

BUT, THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT! I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE-- I WANT YOU TO HELP ME WRITE A LITTLE...

W- WHO ARE YOU?

COME, NOW! IT'S ONLY A LITTLE FAVOR-- WELL, DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING! AND TELL HER TO LEAVE THE ROOM! I

BILL! ARE YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING SICK? WAIT-- I'LL WITH HER HERE! GET YOU SOME WATER!

ULP!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN GET SOMETHING DONE-- WHERE DOES SHE KEEP THE PENCILS?



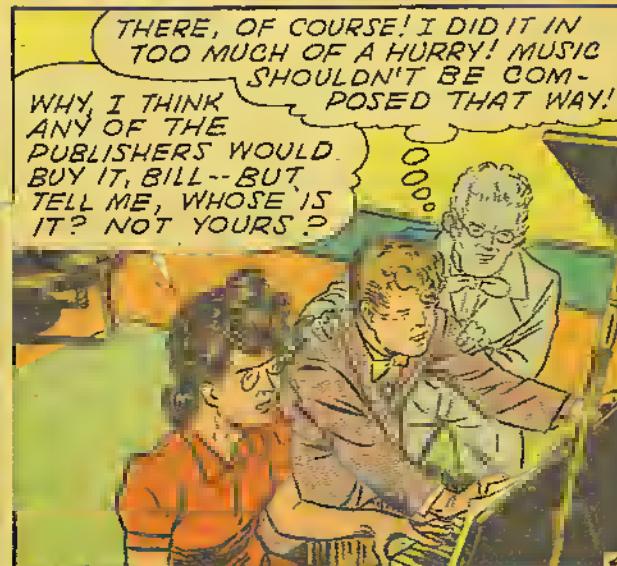
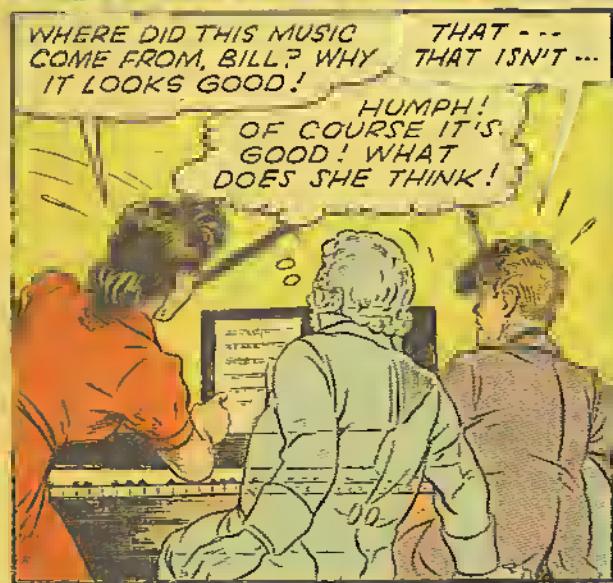
GOOD THING I HAD THIS PIECE ALL WORKED OUT-- I SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS, YOU KNOW-- IT'S AGAINST OUR LAWS! BUT I WANT TO SHOW THESE FUDDY DUDDIES THAT I'M ON THE BEAM!

YOU DO?



YEP! LISTEN TO THIS NOW AND TELL ME IF IT ISN'T IN THE GROOVE!





WHO DID WRITE IT? SOME FRIEND OF YOURS? WHY DID YOU BRING IT TO ME?

GOSH, MISS PRINCE, NO! I DIDN'T HAVE IT WHEN I CAME -- YOU SEE ...



WHY, BILL! YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TELL ME THAT YOU WROTE THIS!



OH, GEE GOSH! NO! I... WELL, YOU JUST WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU!



MEANWHILE, SPOOK AND JERRY HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR BILL TO FINISH HIS LESSON.

GOSH, SPOOK! SOUNDS LIKE A JAM SESSION IN THERE -- I DIDN'T KNOW BILL WAS LEARNING THAT KIND OF STUFF!

IF THAT WAS BILL, HE'S A PROFESSIONAL!



NO, I GUESS IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS TEACHER -- HE'S ONLY BEEN TAKING LESSONS FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS!

SEEMS FUNNY -- WHEN I TOOK PIANO LESSONS, MY TEACHER DIDN'T PLAY THAT KIND OF STUFF FOR ME.



HUH!? SAY, SPOOK -- DID YOU BRING ANYONE WITH YOU FROM GHOST-TOWN?

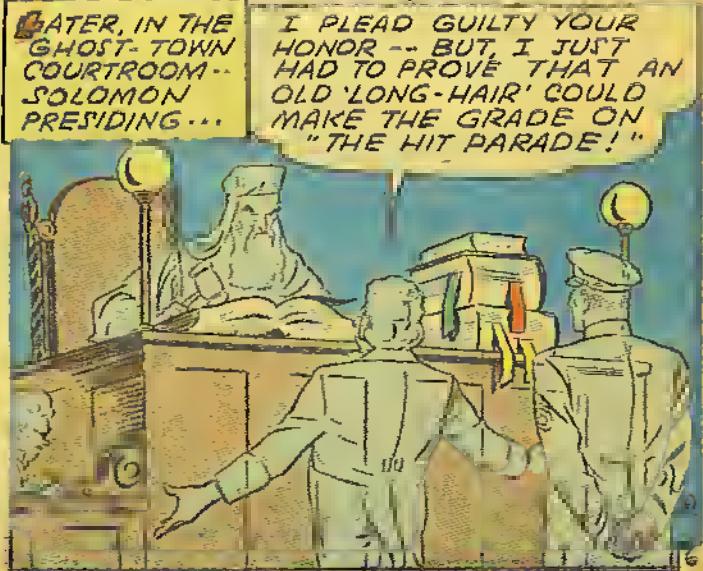
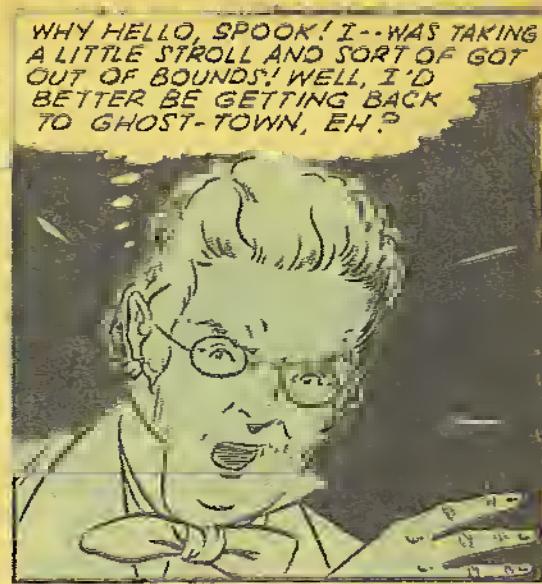
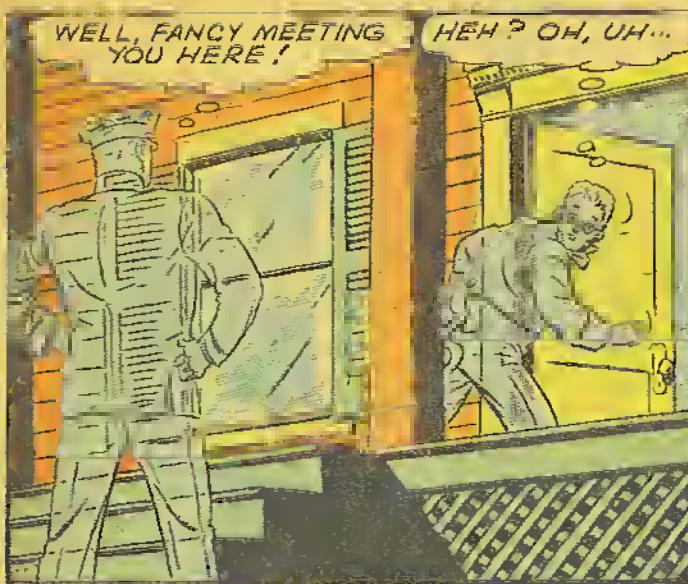
NO! WHY?



LOOK! UP THERE ON THE PORCH!

SHUBACH! NOW HOW DID HE GET OUT -- C'MON, JERRY, I SMELL TROUBLE!





WELL, THE DAMAGE IS DONE, SCHUBACH! NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR SENTENCE WILL BE! AH-- I HAVE IT! WE WILL MAKE ALL ARRANGEMENTS SO YOU CAN TAKE OVER ONE HOUR OF PRACTICE FOR BILL EACH DAY!



MEANWHILE...

GEE GOSH, JERRY, YOU MEAN HE WAS A REAL GHOST? BUT...

IT'S NOTHING! SPOOK AND I GET TOGETHER ALL THE TIME! WE'RE PSYCHIC, THAT'S ALL! BUT DON'T WORRY, SPOOK'LL FIX EVERYTHING UP FOR YOU!



I'D RATHER NOT BE PSY-- PSY--ABLE TO SEE GHOSTS! GOSH, I COULDN'T TELL MISS PRINCE WHO WROTE THAT-- SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!



PRACTICE?! A WHOLE HOUR EVERY DAY! OHHH!



HERE'S SPOOK NOW! -- HEY, SPOOK-- WHAT HAPPENED?

GOSH! THAT'S SWELL-- I HOPE!



HELLO, KIDS! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, BILL! YOU DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT PIANO LESSONS ANY MORE!

THREE WEEKS LATER...

BILL: STOP THAT RACKET! YOU'RE GIVING ME A HEADACHE! I'M GOING TO STOP YOUR LESSONS TODAY-- IT'S JUST A WASTE OF MONEY TO --

GOSH, MOM, THAT'S GREAT! CAN I GO TO THE MOVIES THIS AFTERNOON WITH JERRY?

PHEW! THANK GOODNESS!



GOSH, MR. SHUBACH-- YES, EVERYTHING DID I'M SORT OF GLAD WORK OUT PRETTY YOU CAME ALONG, WELL, DIDN'T IT? AND, NOW!

SAY, BILL-- DID YOU KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO PUT MY SONG ON THE "HIT PARADE"-- BUT FROM HERE ON, I'LL STICK CLOSE TO GHOST-TOWN -- I HATE TO PRACTICE!



SERGEANT SPOOK WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT!



Boys-Girls! Solve This Puzzle

It's Fun--Try It!

In this picture are several fairyland characters. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters below and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the storybook folks. For example the letters "RPTEE APN" No. 2 when placed in the right order, spell "PETER PAN." You will find him in the picture with his pipes playing a jolly tune.

- 1 TELTIL OB-EPEP
- 2 RPTEE APN
- 3 YHTUPM YDTUMP
- 4 EDR GNIIDR COHD
- 5 CAKJ NAD ILL

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

Send me the name of each character in this happy fairyland family and become a member of the Junior Sales Club. I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank FREE.

This bank contains tasty chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank you can pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in colorful wrappings for you.



When You Solve Puzzle

Write the names of the fairyland folks on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, then sign your name and address and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the names of these characters and joins my Junior Sales Club, will have an opportunity to get this bank FREE. Send your answer to

Billy Wade, Junior Sales Club 209, Topeka, Kan.



ACTION

BOYS!

Here's your chance to get into action. Build and fly your own model of the fightingest plane in the world, the Lightning P-38. Mystify and thrill your friends with tricks of magic. The set illustrated contains 15 amazing tricks that you can learn in jiffy time. These are just two of many prizes you can get without cost as a Crowell Junior Salesman. Here's a chance to earn MONEY and PRIZES. Write me today. I'll start you by return mail and send you my PRIZE BOOK as well. Here's action! Here's fun!



WALLET AND EXTRA CHANGE PURSE. Genuine leather. Bill, check and card compartments. Identification pocket with isinglass window.



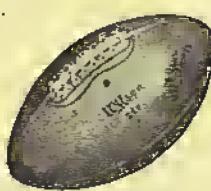
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LET'S GO!

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Fill out the coupon and mail to me on a penny post card. It's as easy as that! This is the first step to start you on the road to a bank account and all the prizes you want to earn. All you have to do is deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Be the first among your buddies to get into ACTION.

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LIGHTS.

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TRUCK.

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